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REVIEWS

History of the Peninsular War. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Vol. III. 4to. London, 1832. Murray.

THE long interval since the publication of the first volume of this valuable work, induced us, on the receipt of this concluding one, to read the whole in connexion. A 'History of the Peninsular War,' in which justice should be done to all parties, must be a work of great difficulty, requiring extensive knowledge, indefatigable research, and most philosophical impartiality. In other wars, the chief incidents suggest the connecting links of a coherent narrative—but in the early patriotic exertions of the Spanish provinces, there was neither relation nor co-operation; and to estimate those exertions, requires an intimate knowledge of the resources and circumstances of every province, and of the character of the local governments and people—and for the whole history there is wanting patient research, cautious examination, and untiring labour in winnowing the grains of truth from the prejudices of party-writers, and the wilful mis-statements of the interested.

Until the publication of Colonel Napier's work, Dr. Southey's was generally considered the best English narrative of the Peninsular War—and after the opinion given on the Colonel's work, it is hardly necessary for us to say, that we continue of this opinion. Notwithstanding the exclusive authorities with which the Colonel was favoured, Dr. Southey is on the whole better informed—and he is immeasurably superior in discriminating the value of authorities. It must, however, be admitted, that if the Anti-Spanish mania of the Colonel has frequently misled him, the enthusiasm of Dr. Southey is not always to be relied on, and, notwithstanding his diligence and research, the information he has collected is sometimes but scanty, and at others, erroneous.

Indeed, the difficulty in collecting and selecting materials, required the patience of a German, and this, with fourteen years' residence in Spain, has enabled Colonel Scheppler, to write a more accurate work than either of the English historians. The German knows the character and feelings of the *present* Spaniards. Dr. Southey's knowledge is principally derived from books, and he is much better acquainted with the manners and feelings of their grandfathers, than with those of the living generation—a common error with our Spanish scholars.

It has been well observed by a clever Spanish writer, Obaso, who, by the bye, has been, in our opinion, too severe on Southey, that no history ever required a more cool and impartial historian, than that of the Peninsular War, and none was ever less fortu-

nate in that respect. The French have written a great deal on the subject, but, instead of the blushing shame which ought to characterize every sentence, for the conduct of their government towards Spain, they have laboured only to persuade us that it is justifiable, in pursuit of glory, to trample on all principle. The Afrancesados—the native Spaniards who united themselves to the Bonapartes—have also written a great deal, and, to justify themselves, have heaped the most absurd and atrocious calumnies on the patriot liberators of their country. The English writers had not the same reasons to accommodate facts to party views; but, unfortunately, they had to mould them to their private political opinions.

Thus the fine golden thread of Southey's universal philosophy, which is the connecting interest of his narrative, is sometimes broken by the narrow prejudices of ultra-toryism—the expulsion of the Jesuits, is accordingly called an iniquitous measure; and he says of Eroles, that "no Spaniard has left to posterity a more irreproachable and honourable name." We are sincere advocates for universal toleration; and the time may come, when, with the fine humanity of Uncle Toby, the world will be rich enough in knowledge to tolerate the Devil himself; but in the then and present condition of Spain, the Jesuits were and are a moral and political pestilence—and as to Eroles, before we can consent to this eulogium as just, we must admit that it is "irreproachable and honourable" to be a vindictive renegade—to write doggerel verses in May 1820, calling on the shade of Hernan Cortes to come and see Spain free from degrading despotism, and in May 1822 to be the first champion of this same despotism, and that under circumstances so disgraceful, that, thanks to the conscience which God has given us, he could not enjoy the triumph he had won—indeed, there is good reason to believe that the self-upbraidings of this "irreproachable and honourable" man, drove him mad.

With all due allowance for these defects, we consider Dr. Southey's history as a most admirable work—the narrative is most interesting, the style perfection, and the enthusiasm of the writer gives to the whole history the fascination of a romance.

As, however, Dr. Southey's work has been one of the chief authorities with all writers of Memoirs, Abridgments, etc. relating directly or indirectly to the Peninsular War, we must state that though far more impartial and accurate than that of Colonel Napier, it must be consulted with caution. It is not worth while, nor have we room here, to go into any critical examination of the work; but we must observe, that the accounts of the revolutions in Castile and Valencia, and even of the revolt at Aranjuez, are full

of inaccuracies, and that those who desire to be correctly informed, had better consult the *Athenæum* (Nos. 168 and 178), where we went into particulars, in reviewing the *immortal* work of Capt. Moyle Sherer, and the *mortal* history of Col. Napier—we may, however, *aside*, as our theatrical friends would write, ask where Dr. Southey learned that the Life Guards of Godoy were faithful to him? Had that fine body of troops been faithful, it is more than probable that the people would not have succeeded—but popular opinion was so strong against the minion, that his body guard were ashamed of their duty, and actually slunk away and changed their uniforms as soon as the people rose. We must, also, in justice to Capt. Sherer, acknowledge that the geographical blunder about crossing to the south side of the Tagus, to occupy Almeida, which is many miles to the north, was not original. Again, Dr. Southey states, and that "on the best authority—the neighbouring priests," that "after the Battle of Rioseco, there were 27,000 bodies buried!" That 27,000 men were killed in a battle where there was certainly not more than 30 or 40,000 engaged, including all of both armies, looks at first sight very like exaggeration; and we incline to believe that the Doctor has been led into the error by an erroneous translation of a passage in the 'Relacion de la Batalla de Rioseco,' by the curate of Villalobos, where it is said, "*Se decia que el veinte siete mil cuerpos iban ya enterrados.*" The *veinte* (twenty), the day of the month, having been added to the *siete mil cuerpos*, 7000 bodies.

Again, in reference to this battle, Dr. Southey observes, "Had it not been for the success of the Spaniards in Andalusia, Junot would probably have received powerful reinforcements from Marshal Bessieres, after the Battle of Rioseco." Now, we cannot understand how Bessieres, who, as Dr. Southey states, had only 12,000 men to conquer and keep down Old Castile, Leon, Asturias, and Galicia, with an army opposed to him, could send powerful reinforcements any where.

The account of the revolution in Portugal, as well as those of Andalusia and Catalonia, are amongst the best parts of Dr. Southey's work; but we must hint to him, that Junot did not send Taranco's division to Galicia, and that the Garrison of Oporto was not composed of Carrafa's division. The troops, who under Belestá revolted at Oporto, were those commanded by Taranco till his death—and the Doctor's account of the manner in which Romana heard of the revolution, though it may be correct, certainly does not agree with the official statements published in the Spanish Gazette at the time.

With all Dr. Southey's partiality for the Spaniards, he is sometimes led by his autho-

rities to do them injustice. He joins, for instance, the general cry of censure against the poor Juntas, equally for what they did, and for what they did not. Amongst other grave iniquities, he accuses them of having filled the armies with officers who had no other pretension to rank or promotion, than what they derived from favour. That the armies raised by the Juntas, were officered by young men who knew nothing of war, is true enough, and where could the Juntas have found men that did? It is a little unphilosophical, to blame the Juntas for not employing efficient officers to lead on their hurried levies, after admitting, when speaking of the regular troops on the breaking out of the revolution, that "never were there such officers or such armies (as those of Spain and Portugal), in any country which has ranked among civilized nations." If the Juntas committed errors, as no doubt they did, and many, it should be remembered, that they were placed in a strange and trying situation—the old impotent despotism had left the country without a single resource against the invading conqueror of Europe, except the moral courage to dare and to suffer. But when the Doctor specifically censures the Junta of Galicia, for not having formed an army at all from June 1809 to March 1810, we must remind him, that the army which beat the French at Tamames, was formed by this Junta in 1809, and sent to Castile.

The third volume of this work, which will be forthwith published, and to which, perhaps, we ought to have confined our observations, commences with the proceedings of the army in Catalonia in 1810, that most disastrous year to the patriots. The fervid eloquence which gave such fascination to the former volumes, here again breathes in every page; and in every page there is apparent the same inimitable skill, in weaving co-existing but unconnected events into a narrative of absorbing interest. We also owe it to truth to acknowledge, that, though the prejudices of the writer are sometimes evident enough, he is, perhaps, as impartial as any man writing the history of his own times can hope to be; more accurate than most other historians of the Peninsular War; and infinitely more just, equally in his censure and his praise. With all the intolerance—so often recorded against him—Dr. Southey speaks with more truth of the Spanish liberals, than many who themselves profess liberal opinions; and though he glories, as becomes an Englishman, in the conduct of the British army, he never fails to make honourable mention of their allies.

We must now make room for a few extracts, which may, indeed, be taken almost at random: but we must mention, that the picture of the appalling miseries to which the devoted Spanish people were subject during the war, is drawn with singular truth and power; that everything relating to the famous Guerrillas is extremely accurate; and the same may be said of the account of the privations and excesses of Massena's army, on their retreat from the north of Portugal.

Guerrilla Warfare.

"The Junta of Seville had, from the beginning of the struggle, perceived that the strength of Spain lay in her people, and not in her armies. The Central Junta also had early acknowledged the importance of that irregular

and universal warfare for which the temper of the Spaniards and the character of the country were equally adapted; and they attempted to regulate it by a long edict, giving directions for forming *Partidas* of volunteers, and *Quadrillas*, which were to consist of smugglers, appointing them pay, enacting rules for them, and subjecting them to military law; but it is manifest that these restrictions would only be observed where the Government had sufficient authority to enforce them, which was only where they had armies on foot, and that, when thus restricted, little was to be done by it. They spoke with a clear understanding of the circumstances in which Spain was placed when they proclaimed a Moorish war, and bade the Spaniards remember in what manner their fathers had exterminated a former race of invaders. The country, they said, was to be saved by killing the enemies daily, just as they would rid themselves of a plague of locusts; a work which was slow, but sure, and in its progress would bring the nation to the martial pitch of those times, when it was a pastime to go forth and seek the Hagnrenes. They reminded them of the old Castilian names, for skirmishes, ambushments, assaults, and stratagems, the necessary resources of domestic warfare, and told them that the nature of the country and of the inhabitants rendered Spain invincible.

"This character on the part of the Spaniards the war had now assumed in all parts of Spain. The French were no sooner masters of the field than they found themselves engaged in a wearing, wasting contest, wherein discipline was of no avail, and by which, in a country of such extent, and natural strength, any military power, however great, must ultimately be consumed. In any other part of Europe, they would have considered the conquest complete after such victories as they had obtained; but in Spain, where army after army had been routed, and city after city taken,—when Joseph reigned at Madrid, and Soult commanded in Seville,—when Victor was in sight of Cadiz, and Massena almost in sight of Lisbon,—when Buonaparte had put all his other enemies under his feet, and in the height of his fortune and plenitude of his power, had no other object than to effect the subjugation of the Peninsula,—the generals and the men whom he employed there were made to feel that the cause in which they were engaged was as hopeless as it was unjust. They were never safe except when in large bodies, or in some fortified place. Every day some of their posts were surprised, some escort or convoy cut off, some detachment put to death; dispatches were intercepted, plunder was recovered,—and, what excited the Spaniards more than any, or all other considerations, vengeance was taken by a most vindictive people for insupportable wrongs. In every part of Spain where the enemy called themselves masters, leaders started up, who collected about them the most determined spirits; followers enough were ready to join them; and both among chiefs and men, the best and the worst characters were to be found: some were mere ruffians, who, if the country had been in peace, would have lived in defiance of the laws, as they now defied the force of the intrusive Government; others were attracted by the wildness and continual excitement attendant upon a life of outlawry and adventure, to which, in the present circumstances of the nation, honour, instead of obloquy, was attached; but many were influenced by the deepest feelings and strongest passions which act upon the heart of man; love of their country which their faith elevated and strengthened; and hope which that love and that faith rendered inextinguishable; and burning hatred, seeking revenge for the most wanton and most poignant injuries that can be inflicted upon humanity." iii. 41—3.

Sebastiani.

"Sebastiani, in whose military command this district was comprised, was a person who betrayed no compunction in carrying the abominable edict of M. Soult into effect; and scarcely a day past in which several prisoners were not put to death in Granada in conformity to that decree. Among the instances of heroic virtue which were displayed here during the continuance of this tyranny, there are two which were gratefully acknowledged by the national Government. Lorenzo Teyxeyro, an inhabitant of Granada, who had performed the dangerous service of communicating intelligence to the nearest Spanish general, was discovered, and might have saved his life if he would have named the persons through whom the communication was carried on; but he was true to them as he had been to his country, and suffered death contentedly. The other instance was attended with more tragic circumstances. Captain Vicente Moreno, who was serving with the mountaineers of Ronda, was made prisoner, carried to Granada, and there had the alternative proposed to him of suffering by the hangman, or entering into the Intruder's service. Sebastiani showed much solicitude to prevail upon this officer, having, it may be believed, some feeling of humanity, if not some forefeeling of the opprobrium which such acts of wickedness draw after them in this world, and of the account which is to be rendered for them in the next. Moreno's wife and four children were therefore, by the General's orders, brought to him when he was upon the scaffold, to see if their entreaties would shake his resolution; but Moreno, with the courage of a martyr, bade her withdraw, and teach her sons to remember the example he was about to give them, and to serve their country, as he had done, honourably and dutifully to the last. This murder provoked a public retaliation which the Spaniards seldom exercised, but—when they did—upon a tremendous scale. Gonzalez, who was member in the Cortes for Jaen, had served with Moreno, and loved him as such a man deserved to be loved; and by his orders seventy French prisoners were put to death at Marbella." iii. 47-8.

Character of the Cortes.

"The Cortes faithfully represented the nation in their feelings on this subject; and accordingly they issued a decree, declaring null and of no effect all treaties or transactions of any kind which Ferdinand should authorise while he remained in duress, whether in the enemy's country or in Spain, so long as he was under the direct or indirect influence of the Usurper. The nation, it was proclaimed, would never consider him free, nor render him obedience, till they should see him in the midst of his true subjects, and in the bosom of the national congress: nor would they lay down their arms, nor listen to any proposal for an accommodation of any kind, till Spain had been completely evacuated by the troops which had so unjustly invaded it. At the time when this brave decree was passed, the condition of Spain appeared hopeless to those persons by whom moral causes are overlooked, and from whose philosophy all consideration of Providence is dismissed. Fortress after fortress had fallen; army after army had been destroyed, till the Spaniards had no longer anything in the field which could even pretend to the name, except the force under Romana with Lord Wellington. The enemy surrounded the bay of Cadiz, and were masters of the adjacent country, wherever they could cover it with their troops, or scour it with their cavalry. Yet in the sight of these enemies, from the neck of land which they thus beleaguered, the Cortes legislated for Spain; and its proceedings, though the Intruder and his unhappy adherents affected to despise them, were regarded with the deepest

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anxiety throughout the Peninsula, and wherever the Spanish language extends. There is no other example in history of so singular a position. During the three years which had elapsed since the commencement of the struggle, Buonaparte had not only increased his power, but seemed also to have consolidated and established it; while Spain had endured all the evils of revolution without acquiring a revolutionary strength; and, what appeared more surprising, none of those commanding spirits which revolutions usually bring forth had arisen there. Enlightened Spaniards had with one consent called for the Cortes, as the surest remedy for their country; and in England they who were most friendly to the Spaniards, and they who were least so, had agreed in the propriety of convoking it. Long as the Cortes had been suspended, it was still a venerable name; and its restoration gladdened the hearts of the people. A fairer representation could not have been obtained if the whole kingdom had been free, nor a greater proportion of able men; the circumstances, also, in which they were placed, increased their claims to respect among a people by whom poverty has never been despised. Many of the members, having lost their whole property in the general wreck, were dependent upon friendship even for their food. For although a stipend was appointed, some of those provinces which were occupied by the enemy could find no means of paying it; and no provision for remedying this default had been yet devised. They who had professions could not support themselves by practising, because the business of the Cortes engrossed their whole attention. The self-denying ordinance, which they had passed, excluded them from offices of emolument; and there were deputies who sometimes had not wherewith to buy oil for a lamp to give them light. Under these circumstances they respected themselves, and were respected by the nation according to the true standard of their worth." iii. 100-2.

The work concludes with the return of Ferdinand to Spain, and the reception of the Duke of Wellington in England. In relating the important events which followed Ferdinand's return, Dr. Southey is certainly mistaken in some points, and we fear not very correct in others. As an instance of it, Ferdinand never deprived his uncle, the Cardinal of Bourbon, of his archbishopric; and it was to the use of the word *cassal*, and not *subject*, that the liberals objected. We shall leave Dr. Southey to triumph over the Whigs and their prophecies, and shall not remind him how much the mad, restless ambition of Napoleon contributed to the splendid triumphs of his enemies; nor shall we dispute whether foreign influence was or was not exercised to overthrow the constitution;—but we must protest against the doctrine, that old political "evils which time has rendered inveterate," are made worse by removing them with the knife or the cautery. It would indeed be infinitely better, both for kings and people, if reforms were effected by the governments without revolution; but when we recollect how few kings have been wise enough to be reformers, we cannot but exclaim with Quintana—

Oh miseros humanos!
¿I vosotros no hacéis vuestra ventura;
¿La esperaréis jamás de los tiranos?

Tales of the Early Ages. By the Author of 'Brambletye House,' 'Zillah,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

To take up a portion of history, arrange it into a narrative, people it with characters

true to nature, and the spirit of their times, and then put them all in action gracefully, and with dramatic effect, requires powers which are bestowed on few, and an accuracy of judgment such as is rarely seen. That merit of this high order is claimed for Horace Smith we are aware; his publishers have placed him, in their announcements, on the table-land of British genius; nor are there wanting critics and readers who see, in his works, the presence of a spirit equal in beauty and strength to that which animates the romances of Scott. We have too much respect for the talents of Horace Smith, to suppose for a moment that he shares in the delusion of any such high-pitched commendations: he who knows so well the character of other men's works, cannot fail to know what belongs to his own; and we are sure that he must sometimes read those eulogiums with sorrow, which are strewn with no sparing hand through all accessible newspapers. He is many degrees below Scott in the life and beauty and strength of his characters; nay, he sometimes approaches more closely than we could desire, to the Wardrobe School of Novelists, viz. to those writers who give the costume of the time without the life and nerve. He is, however, a very lively describer; has the art of setting off to much advantage the characters and incidents which pertain to his story, and is skilful in the management of his plots. We must, nevertheless, acknowledge, that when we received the 'Tales of the Early Ages,' we opened them with fear, lest we should find his former faults increased, and his beauties lessened, for we felt that he had gone too far back into remote times to excite our sympathy. What can he tell us more, we thought, than history has related, of the days when the fortunes of the world were in the hands of Cæsar? What care we for those who figured at the Olympic games; or for the Scandinavian barbarians of the third century; and we have no desire to know the names of the people who loved, or prayed, or suffered, during the operations of the Council of Nice, in the year of salvation four hundred and odd: but when we turned up the page with 'The Siege of Caer-Broc' inscribed upon it, we altered our tone, and said—Come, this has something of our own little Island in it; we shall behold, as it were, the English gentleman in the dawn, and have a foretaste of the character of those bold yeomen who drew the bow at Cressy and at Agincourt: nor have we been deceived.

The story of the Siege of Caer-Broc is a simple one, and soon told. The Picts invade Kent; besiege the castle of a stubborn Briton, Gryffhod by name; are repulsed by the valour of Leoline, a youth of Roman extraction, and finally driven back to the waves by the coming of Hengist, the Saxon, who, finding in Guinessa, the ward of the British chief, his own long-lost daughter, bestows her on Leoline, who had won her love by his modesty and valour. The commencement of the tale will show in what spirit it is written:—

"Hark! did you not hear a noise from beyond those projecting sea-beaten crags to seaward of us? No: I caught no sound. Listen;—There it is again; you have a sluggish ear. But mine eyes are quick, for now I discern a shadow darkening the waters ahead of yonder outermost cliff. Would it were only the shadow of a cloud!

but it has a more fearful source; for lo! I perceive a long, dark, mis-shapen vessel looming heavily round the crag, and the dull sound I heard was that of the oars, which are doubtless muffled at the handle with hides, as is usual with these savage marauders.—Is she a pirate then?—She appertains, if I mistake not, to a nation of pirates. Her clumsy construction, her wicker-work sides covered with leather, her mast of unbarked pine, and her sail of painted matting, which remains hoisted, although there is not a breath of wind, assure me that she belongs to the Scots or Picts, who never visit the shores of unhappy Britain, except for the purposes of pillage, devastation and massacre. I cannot yet see any of the crew, who are hidden by the high bulwarks of their unwieldy barge, but I can now distinguish an object which confirms my apprehensions. See you not a large raft lashed to the stern of their vessel, bearing, amid lumber and plunder of all sorts, several prisoners, chained by the leg to the spars on which they are floating? Poor wretches! if they reach Scotland in safety, they are destined to pass the remainder of their lives in slavery; but they may perhaps share a happier doom by finding an early grave in the ocean, for their captors, if they encounter blowing weather, or are anxious to expedite their return, will not scruple to cut the raft adrift, and leave all that are upon it to perish of hunger, or be overwhelmed in the waves. Except with a view to slavery, human life is of so little value in the eyes of these barbarians, that they usually murder the young, the old, and the feeble, where they have encountered any resistance; and in their marauding descents upon the coast attach much more value to the quadrupeds, which they come to purloin, than to their biped possessors. So frequent and so fell have been their invasions, that the unfortunate Britons, abandoning the northern coasts, have mostly retired with their cattle to inland caves, rocks and forests; and the ravagers are now obliged to extend their predatory voyages as far south as to these coasts of Kent. From the circumstance of her towing so large a raft, I doubt not that the vessel we are contemplating has been successful in her cruise, and that, besides the other plunder in her hold, the brine casks and tubs with which the marauders commonly provide themselves for that purpose, are filled with the cattle they have stolen and slaughtered, for on these more distant expeditions they do not always preserve them alive.

"Look! several of the crew are now visible, standing upon the bulwarks, and pointing towards the creek, for which the helmsman is evidently steering. There is something awful in the silence with which they advance through the moon-lighted waters, for it betrays the hostility of their purpose, and methinks the men wear a singularly ghastly and spectral appearance. Is it an apparition of the night, or a real vessel? Alas! I can no longer doubt that it is a pirate of the worst description; the men are Picts, whose half-naked bodies, painted of a blue colour, assume in the moonlight a most hideous and corpse-like hue. Ha! she has a comrade. I see another vessel heaving heavily round the crags. The first has now passed into the creek, as far as the depth of water will allow, and the men are preparing to land. Let us crouch down, and hide ourselves, for they will slay all whom they encounter, especially if they be likely to betray their approach." iii. 192-96.

There is the sort of nature which we like, and that kind of description we admire, in this little national story; yet we are not sure that the author is very accurate in his historical details. The Picts were not maritime adventurers; and, natives of the island themselves, they could not be called with propriety invaders of Britain; neither did

the Saxons use trumpets in their warlike expeditions; they were taught the use of them by the Normans in a way little to their liking.

We have confined our remarks to this story, although we have read the others with nearly equal interest. The 'Involuntary Prophet' is a tale of the first century—'Theodore and Tilphosa' of the second—'Olof and Brynhilda' of the third—and 'Sebastian and Lydia' of the fourth:—all are illustrative of manners, and in all we have been well pleased with the skill with which the author conducts his heroes and heroines through the winding avenues of a difficult narrative, and the dramatic spirit of the conversations; but we could not afford equal room to all, and Caer-Broc comes nearest our own times and homes, and is therefore most likely to interest our readers.

A Practical View of Ireland from the Period of the Union. By James Butler Bryan, Barrister-at-Law. 1832. Dublin, Wake-man; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

THERE is no more mischievous calumny promulgated, than that the people of England are hostile to their Irish brethren, insensible to their sufferings, or regardless of their just claims. In her seasons of distress, in her hours of misery, Ireland has found the purse of her richer sister opened, and her bounties granted with no sparing hand; in all her constitutional struggles, English statesmen have been her most steady champions, and English journalists her most zealous advocates. Yet do we daily witness in certain liberal speeches and pamphlets, the attempt to impress on the Irish, that for them the people of this country have no sympathy, and the argument put forward as the most powerful dissuasive against party feuds is, "lest you should become the jest of the haughty Saxon." Without at all entering on the forbidden ground of politics, we take this opportunity of declaring for our countrymen, that there is no people for whom they entertain a more sincere regard, none whose merits they more cheerfully acknowledge, none whose defects they more gladly conceal, none whose misfortunes they are more anxious to relieve, and whose evils they are more desirous to remove, than those of the merry and excitable population united to them by the bands of law, and soon, we hope, to be more closely joined by the bonds of love.

The Practical View of Ireland contained in the excellent work before us, is precisely that which we have been long desirous to see laid before the British public; it is a calm, temperate, and manly exposition of the present state of that country; it doth "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The causes of distress, discontent, and disunion, are investigated by analytic reasoning too cogent to be resisted; the remedies suggested are deduced immediately from the nature and the cause of the evil; and we can discover no flaw in any part of the argument. Unlike most works that have been published on the harassing subject of Irish affairs, we can find in Mr. Bryan's volume no traces of party violence or religious zeal; for aught that occurs in the book he may be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Whig or a Tory: he spares the faults and conceals the merits of none;

and he withholds not the truth for the gratification of any.

The great object of Mr. Bryan is to prove the necessity of establishing a modified system of poor laws in Ireland, and he grounds this necessity on the peculiar relation between landlord and tenant in that country, strengthening his case by an examination of the several laws devised for the protection of the poor in every civilized country. The objections made to the poor laws by the ignorant, the prejudiced, the interested, or the designing, he honours with a refutation more serious than they merit, and, with wonderful forbearance, avoids exposing the paltry personal motives by which many of his opponents are actuated.

We find it difficult, in our limited space, to give an account of Mr. Bryan's views satisfactory to ourselves; but, as we trust that the volume itself will be very extensively read, we shall the less care for the deficiencies of the following outline.

The Irish code of laws arms the landlord with power infinitely greater, and more formidable, than he possesses in England; while, among all its multifarious enactments, there is not one designed for the protection of the tenant. The landlords in Ireland, also, from the operation of various causes, form a class, or *caste*, as distinct from the occupiers of the soil, as the Patricians were from the Plebeians in Rome, or the Norman conquerors from the Saxon serfs in England. Of course, the internal economy of Ireland is absolutely managed by an oligarchy; and as necessarily of course, that oligarchy is oppressive and detested—for no oligarchy can be otherwise. It would be useless to go over the ground that Niebuhr has already travelled, and show that oppression is an essential part of the existence of every oligarchy. Mr. Bryan, however, has done so, and has needlessly troubled himself to prove almost the only general principle that might be taken as an axiom in politics. The next step in the argument is to prove, that against the oppressions of the oligarchy,—oppressions, be it remembered, arising from the inherent viciousness of the system, and not from any depraved character of individuals,—a system of poor laws would afford efficient protection. This the author proceeds to establish from English history; for there are many striking points of similarity between the condition of England in the fifteenth, and of Ireland in the nineteenth century. The English lords of the soil were foreigners by descent, or at least deriving their tenures from a foreign invasion; the descendants of the old proprietors were the cultivators of the soil, and were subjected to every species of insult and exertion. Hence arose an intense hatred against the dominant caste, manifested by incessant agrarian insurrections, when Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, Jack Straw, the Rocks, and Terry Alts of the day, commenced that system of midnight legislation, which Munster enjoys now; and hence arose that violent national hatred of France,—the country whence England's oppressors came, which lasted down even to our own memory. Now, England has not seen a regular agrarian insurrection since the establishment of poor laws, though, previous to that period, they were almost of annual occurrence. From England Mr. Bryan proceeds to the continent, and shows

that wherever poor laws exist, the peasants are industrious, frugal, and contented: he thence proceeds to America, and shows, that in the populous states, a legal provision for the support of the poor is provided, and exposes the fraud or ignorance of certain reviewers who have chosen to assert the contrary.

Having made his argument from experience perfect, the author ingeniously shows that such beneficial results are the necessary consequence of a wise system of poor laws; because they make it the direct interest of the landlord to provide for the welfare of his tenant, and to encourage him to industry, by giving him a fair share of the profits of his own labours. Poor laws would soon banish rack-rents—that destructive system adopted by landlords, who have chosen for their model the conduct of the boy to the goose that laid golden eggs. Finally, Mr. Bryan proves that the evils resulting from the withholding of legal protection from the Irish peasantry, are proceeding in a rapidly-increasing ratio; that every year, almost every day, makes the mass of misery more unmanageable—the dangers of a servile war more imminent and appalling. His statistical tables are too important to be abridged, and too long to be extracted; but no figures of speech can equal the effect of his figures of arithmetic;—notwithstanding the vast improvements in medical science, the average duration of life appears to be decreasing in Ireland;—crime, on the contrary, is frightfully on the increase: misery and demoralization go hand in hand—and where shall be an end?

One hypocritical objection to the introduction of the poor laws, has excited no small share of Mr. Bryan's contemptuous indignation—the assertion that their introduction would destroy charitable feeling: as if the exactors of rack-rents were replete with soft sensibilities, and heartless absentees conspicuous for "the bowels of compassion."

We quote one passage on the subject, the eloquence of which consists in its perfect truth; and we then dismiss the work with our warmest commendations:—

"Such is the mass of misery in Ireland, that individual charity turns from the besetting wretchedness of the people in despair. It cannot relieve every applicant, and nothing renders the human heart more callous than to behold misery, disease, and sorrow at your threshold, and to be compelled to tell the sufferer that you can administer no relief; so that this general distress destroys, eventually, efficient individual charity. Lady Glengall says, 'that the Irish gentry are so accustomed to sights of misery, that they are indifferent to the sufferings of the poor.' If individual charity did exist in Ireland amongst the upper orders, why do the landlords 'extort exorbitant rents (to use the language of Swift) out of the bowels, sweat, and rags of the poor,' and then turn them adrift? Why are they corrupt magistrates and jobbing grand jurors, oppressing and plundering our miserable people? Why stalks famine, with its consequent fever and crime, through Ireland, while we export food to the amount of eight millions a year? This is the charity which Irish landlords would no doubt perpetuate—this is the economy of Irish benevolence!"

On this passage the following brief extract is an appropriate commentary:—

"It is notorious that the corn exported from Ireland to the British ports, was purchased up by the agents of the London Tavern Committee, in the year 1823, and sent back to Ireland, to

feed the tenantry on the very land on which it had been grown. The charity of England was taxed to save the Irish peasantry from starvation; while the landlords of those very peasants continued to receive their rack-rents. 'Thus,' to apply the language of Grattan, 'the landlord takes advantage of famine, brings up the rear of divine vengeance, and becomes the last great scourge of the husbandman.'"

Arlington. By the Author of 'Granby,' &c.
[Second Notice.]

THERE is considerable talent displayed in this work; a knowledge of society; sagacity in unfolding the aims and purposes of men; and not a little of that ever welcome power, called the dramatic. There is not, however, a very deep intimacy with human nature, nor much of original character; nor can we applaud the principle upon which the work is constructed. As surely as Abraham was the father of Isaac, and Isaac of Jacob, and Jacob of the twelve tribes, so is one book the creator of another. The success of 'Eugene Aram,' a work more eminent in talent than tasteful in conception, made murder and robbing fashionable; and the public, having a prodigious swallow in the way of the horrible and awful, cry out for more of such unnatural food. With common readers, a narrative is nothing now, unless it exhibits

A murderer's bones in gibbet air;
Two-span lang wee unchristened bairns;
A thief new cutted frae a rape
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Which his ain son of life bereft,—
The gray hairs yet stuck to the heft.

Of these picturesque materials, 'Arlington' has an ample store. We have a suspicion of murder, a trial of the innocent, and the discovery of the guilty, and other incidents and sights equally strange and moving. Now all such incidents would look well in the Newgate Calendar; and, for intense interest as to matters of stern truth, we have in our time listened to trials surpassing the force of fiction. But then, in a work of talent, we demand a work of art; we require a story not only consistent and natural, and representing actions of a heroic or remarkable kind, but one exhibiting harmony of parts and unity of combination, such as an architect confers on a fine structure. To be natural, is not enough; many actions are quite natural, which are not worth writing about: human nature should be put into a new and striking posture; and men should do something more than drink, and drab, and dine. We have, indeed, been much pleased with passages, nay, with whole chapters of this novel, and sometimes we were so far conquered, as to resolve on leaving our dissent from the principle of much of the story unrecorded. Our sterner mood returned, as we reflected on the whole aim and tendency of the work, and we accordingly wrote our feelings down. We have said, that in this work there is suspicion of murder; the following is the confession of the person who by his most unaccountable concealment, converted an accident into a crime:—

"Perhaps you will hardly have credited the testimony of your senses, and you may now believe, either that you were under a delusion, or that I was mad when I made the horrible assertion, that I was the destroyer of your father. Horrible, and almost incredible as the assertion may seem, it is true; and it is now my duty, as

well as I am able, to apply myself to the almost overwhelming task of rendering you acquainted with the circumstances of that awful event.

"On that dreadful day, I was riding homeward, about dusk, along a bridle-road, which skirted a plantation belonging to your father. He was in the plantation; saw me, and called to me, and desired me to stop and dismount, and get over the fence to look at the growth of some young trees, which he had planted and trained in a peculiar manner. I came over the fence, leaving my horse fastened on the other side. Both of us were without attendants. I looked at the trees, and then we talked of shooting; and he showed me his gun, of which the locks were of a new construction. I took it into my hands. I know not, to this moment, how it happened, but while I was examining the gun, unthinking which way the muzzle was turned, it suddenly went off; and when I looked up through the smoke, Lord Arlington was lying a corpse at my feet.

"My consternation, my agony, my grief, I will not attempt to describe. Words are unequal to the task. In speechless horror I bent over the body. It was stone-dead. No motion—no pulsation—no single symptom which could convey the slightest hope of life. I called, but my cry was weak, for I was almost choked by the agony of my feelings; and no one answered; and then I thought, to what purpose were it, if assistance should really come? The spirit of my friend had departed; and they could only help me to transport from that spot the lifeless clay.

"Then, I know not how, thoughts (would to Heaven they had never entered!) crept by degrees into my mind. A tempting fiend seemed to be near me, and to ask 'should I, so popular, so esteemed, become at once an object of general detestation, as the careless destroyer of my best friend?' And it seemed to tell me, that none had seen, and none need know that the deed had been done by me: approaching darkness favoured my escape, and I need only fly and be silent. I yielded to the suggestion, and fear came over me, and I rushed from the body, seized the gun, threw it hastily into a thicket, returned over the fence, mounted my horse, and rode quickly homeward.

"As I was living alone, there were none but my domestics, from whom it was necessary to conceal my agitation. But, by a violent effort, which the emergency made necessary, I succeeded in suppressing in their presence all outward demonstrations of what I felt. But oh! the agony of that time! and how I longed for the period when the loss I had sustained, should, as must soon happen, be known to all, and I might freely indulge my grief.

"I remember, I contrived an errand, and sent a servant with an unimportant verbal message to Glentworth, in order that, if the dreadful discovery had taken place, I might receive by him the earliest tidings—I did receive them, and I repaired thither that night, to look once more upon the body of my benefactor, and to mingle my tears with those of other afflicted friends. Oh! what a guilty monster did I feel when I stood in the midst of them, and felt that I was the accused cause of all the misery I saw around me; and there were moments when I longed to unburthen a bursting heart, and tell them it was I that did it. But I reflected that it was now too late. My course was taken, and a tardy confession would make me, in the eyes of the country, scarcely better than a murderer. All would exclaim that only guilty feelings could have prompted the secrecy to which I had recourse; and I should have been rendered an outcast from society. 'No,' I exclaimed, and thought I was uttering an irrefragable truth, 'my course is taken, and since it is taken, by that I must abide,' iii. 15—19.

We have only a few words to add to our introductory remarks, and the extracts in our former notice:—there have been better books and worse books published, during the season, than 'Arlington'; and we think the author has talents for something much more touching and interesting than this, or perhaps anything he has yet written.

Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or, the Central and Western Rajpoot States of India. By Lieut.-Col. Tod. Vol. II. royal 4to.

[Second Notice.]

WE promised to continue our extracts from this volume, and the following is another wild anecdote of the "tiger lord" mentioned in our former notice:—

"On another occasion, from the same freedom of speech, he incurred the displeasure of the Shalzada, or prince-royal, who, with youthful levity, commanded the 'tiger lord' to attempt a feat which he deemed inconsistent with his dignity, namely, gallop at speed under a horizontal branch of a tree and cling to it while the steed passed on. This feat, requiring both agility and strength, appears to have been a common amusement, and it is related, in the annals of Méwar, that the chief of Bunéra broke his spine in the attempt; and there were few who did not come off with bruises and falls, in which consisted the sport. When Nahur heard the command, he indignantly replied, he 'was not a monkey'; that 'if the prince wished to see his feats, it must be where his sword had play'; on which he was ordered against Soortan, the Deorah prince of Sirohi, for which service he had the whole Rahtore contingent at his disposal. The Deorah prince, who could not attempt to cope against it in the field, took to his native hills; but while he deemed himself secure, Mokund, with a chosen band, in the dead of night, entered the glen where the Sirohi prince reposed, stabbed the solitary sentinel, bound the prince with his own turban to his pallet, while, environing him with his clansmen, he gave the alarm. The Deorahs, starting from their rocky beds, collected round their prince, and were preparing for the rescue, when Nahur called aloud, 'You see his life is in my hands; be assured it is safe if you are wise; but he dies on the least opposition to my determination to convey him to my prince. My sole object in giving the alarm, was that you might behold me carry off my prize.' He conveyed Soortan to Jeswunt, who said he must introduce him to the king. The Deorah prince was carried to court, and being led between the proper officers to the palace, he was instructed to perform that profound obeisance, from which none were exempted. But the haughty Deorah replied, 'His life was in the king's hands, his honour in his own: he had never bowed the head to mortal man, and never would.' As Jeswunt had pledged himself for his honourable treatment, the officers of the ceremonies endeavoured by stratagems to obtain a constrained obeisance, and instead of introducing him as usual, they showed him a wicket, knee high, and very low over head, by which to enter, but putting his feet foremost, his head was the last part to appear. This stubborn ingenuity, his noble bearing, and his long-protracted resistance, added to Jeswunt's pledge, won the king's favour; and he not only proffered him pardon, but whatever lands he might desire. Though the king did not name the return, Soortan was well aware of the terms, but he boldly and quickly replied, 'What can your majesty bestow equal to Achilgurh? let me return to it is all I ask.' The king had the magnanimity to comply with his request; Soortan was allowed to retire to

the castle of Aboo; nor did he or any of the Deoras ever rank themselves amongst the vassals of the empire; but they have continued to the present hour a life of almost savage independence." p. 56-7.

The following is a curious and affecting account of self-immolation by a native writer:—

"The Nazir went to the *Rawula*, and as he pronounced the words '*Rao siddôe*,' the Chohani queen, with sixteen damsels in her suite, came forth: 'This day,' said she, 'is one of joy; my race shall be illustrated; our lives have passed together, how then can I leave him?'

"Of noble race was the Bhattiani queen, a scion (*sac'ha*) of Jessul, and daughter of Birjung. She put up a prayer to the Lord who wields the discus. 'With joy I accompany my lord; that my fealty (*sati*) may be accepted, rests with thee.' In like manner did the Gazelle (*Mirgatsi*) of Derawul, and the Tsar queen of pure blood, the Chaora Rani, and her of Shekhavati, invoke the name of Heri, as they determined to join their lord. For these six queens death had no terrors; but they were the affianced wives of their lord: the curtain wives of affection, to the number of fifty-eight, determined to offer themselves a sacrifice to Agni. 'Such another opportunity,' said they, 'can never occur, if we survive our lord; disease will seize and make us a prey in our apartments. Why then quit the society of our lord, when at all events we must fall into the hands of *Yama*, for whom the human race is but a mouthful? Let us leave the iron age (*Kal-yuga*) behind us.' 'Without our lord, even life is death,' said the Bhattiani, as she bound the beads of Toolsi round her neck, and made the *tilac* with earth from the Ganges. While thus each spoke, Nat'hoo, the Nazir, thus addressed them:— 'This is no amusement; the sandal-wood you now anoint with is cool: but will your resolution abide, when you remove it with the flames of Agni? When this scorches your tender frames, your hearts may fail, and the desire to recede will disgrace your lord's memory. Reflect, and remain where you are. You have lived like *Indrani*, nursed in softness amidst flowers and perfumes; the winds of heaven never offended you, far less the flames of fire.' But to all his arguments they replied: 'The world we will abandon, but never our lord. They performed their ablutions, decked themselves in their gayest attire, and for the last time made obeisance to their lord in his car.

"The drum sounded—the funeral train moved on—all invoked the name of *Heri*. Charity was dispensed like falling rain, while the countenances of the queens were radiant as the sun. From heaven *Umia* looked down; in recompense of such devotion she promised they should enjoy the society of *Ajit* in each successive transmigration. As the smoke, emitted from the house of flame, ascended to the sky, the assembled multitudes shouted *Khaman! Khaman!* 'well done! well done!' The pile flamed like a volcano; the faithful queens loved their bodies in the flames, as do the celestials in the lake of *Manuswar*. They sacrificed their bodies to their lord, and illustrated the races whence they sprung." p. 92-4.

Among the ruins of Cheetore the author saw "a being who, if there is any truth in Chuterkote, must be a hundred and sixty years old. This wonder is a Fakir, who has constantly inhabited the temples, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants; and there is one carpenter, now upwards of ninety, who recollects 'Babaji as an old man, and the terror of the children.' To me he did not appear above seventy. I found him deeply engaged at *pachesi* with one of the townsfolk. When I was introduced to

this extraordinary personage, he looked up at me for an instant, and exclaiming, 'What does he want here?' quietly resumed his game. When it was finished, I presented my *suzzar* to the inspired (for madness and inspiration are here synonymous), which he threw amongst the bystanders, and bolted over the ruins, dragging through the brambles a fine shawl some one had presented to him, and which, becoming an impediment, he left there. In these moods none durst molest him, and when inclined for food or pastime, his wants were quickly supplied. For one moment I got him to cast his mental eye back upon the past, and he mentioned something of Adina Beg and the Punjab (of which they say he was an inhabitant); but the oracle deigned nothing farther." p. 764-5.

We conclude by submitting to the General Board of Health, a plan adopted by a Hindoo chief for banishing *Murri* (the cholera) from his dominions:—

"It was only during our last journey through Boondi, that I was amused with my friend's expedient to keep 'death' out of his capital, and which I omitted to mention, as likewise the old Regent's mode of getting rid of this unwelcome visitor in Kotah; nor should they be separated. Having assembled the Bramins, astrologers, and those versed in incantations, a grand rite was got up, sacrifice made, and a solemn decree of *desatto*, or banishment, was pronounced against *Murri*. Accordingly, an equipage was prepared for her, decorated with funeral emblems, painted black, and drawn by a double team of black oxen; bags of grain, also black, were put into the vehicle, that the lady might not go forth without food, and driven by a man in sable vestments, followed by the yells of the populace. *Murri* was deported across the Chumbul, with the commands of the priests that she should never set foot again in Kotah. No sooner did my deceased friend hear of her expulsion from that capital, and being placed *en chemin* for Boondi, than the wise men of this city were called on to provide means to keep her from entering therein. Accordingly, all the water of the Ganges at hand was in requisition, an earthen vessel was placed over the southern portal, from which the sacred water was continually dripping, and against which no evil could prevail. Whether my friend's supply of the holy water failed, or *Murri* disregarded such opposition, she reached his palace." p. 688-9.

England and France; or, a Cure for Ministerial Gallomania. London, 1832. Murray.

This work is composed in much the same spirit as Hogarth's 'Gate of Calais,' and Smollett's descriptions in 'Peregrine Pickle'; it is an appeal to the nationality of England, against an imaginary prevalence of French opinions, and is inscribed in a sneering dedication to Earl Grey, as the most eminent Gallomaniac of these times. We see that some of the newspapers are mightily nettled at the opinions given and the facts recorded by this satiric writer; and the shrewd Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* ascribes the work to the unfriendly pen of one of the Premier's pensioned Tories—that he is a Tory will admit of no doubt. Many will look grave, and some will smile, at the nationality of the following passage:—

"We have struggled with this nation in all ages of our history, because we have both struggled for a prize which only one can enjoy—Supremacy. Our Henrys and our Edwards sacked their towns, wasted their treasures, and despoiled them of their fairest provinces. Cressy, and Poitiers, and Agincourt, are not

yet forgotten, although we seem to have consigned to oblivion the days of Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and Blenheim, and although our present rulers appear to have fallen in with the Gallic estimate of those military mistakes, which we, in our ignorance, were wont to call the victories of Alexandria and Salamanca,—Vittoria and Waterloo. Under the most powerful of their legitimate sovereigns, we maintained against the French nation a long, an arduous, but, in the end, successful contest. This never-ceasing struggle was, at the commencement of the present century, by them conducted with unprecedented exertion, and under extraordinary advantages: new sources of action, novel springs of conduct, all the excitement of a marvellous revolution, and a leader of super-human energies.

"Colonies and Commerce in the modern world have succeeded to the territorial Conquest of the ancient. The old Bourbons, and even Napoleon himself, found that territorial aggrandisement could not be carried, or at least permanently maintained, beyond a certain limit in the old world; and the real object of France, however she may have dazzled us with military spectacle, has long been to rival us as the great commercial and colonial power of Europe. Our collision with our American colonies reanimated her with hope at a moment of despair; but, in spite of all our mischances, and notwithstanding the ulterior efforts of Napoleon, the contest ended by our sweeping her fleets from the Ocean, and reducing her, as a colonial power, to the lowest class. So rooted in her mind is this resolution, that it is known to the well-informed, that however the French King might have been reconciled to the recent invasion of Spain, by the prospect of supporting legitimacy and the certainty of forming an army, the ulterior purpose of the celebrated Minister, who advocated that invasion with an eloquence which will not easily be forgotten, was the acquisition of the revolted Colonies of Spanish America. M. de Chateaubriand, I understand, now glories in this avowal, and confesses that the discovery of this scheme by the sagacity of Mr. Canning occasioned his dismissal."

This lively little book will be much read in these stirring days of agitation and change—it might have been written in a milder and more benevolent spirit, and been nothing the worse.

The Rajah Rammohun Roy on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of British India. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE learning, benevolence, and talent, of this distinguished Rajah, together with his opportunities for observation, render all the opinions which he expresses concerning our Eastern dominions, worthy of attention. He has, since his arrival in England, mixed largely in society: his agreeable manners, his strict observance of the etiquette of polished life, and the eloquence with which he discourses on the institutions and various nations of his native land, have made him much of a favourite: nor will the present work, limited though it be in its nature lower him the least in the estimation of all who have the welfare of England and India at heart. We may briefly state, that he speaks with respect of the talents and the wisdom which have united in acquiring, without much bloodshed or wrong, an empire more extensive in its limits and more powerful in arms than some of the boasted kingdoms of antiquity—an empire which is not guided by princes or ministers, but managed by a Committee of Merchants residing three months'

sail from the banks of the Indus. He speaks with approbation of the system of rule adopted and acted upon in maintaining the spirit of the old institutions—in respecting the usages and the religion of the people, and in protecting the persons and property of all classes and castes. All that the Rajah has said in this book has been printed by the House of Commons—we shall therefore make no extracts: he promises an account of his travels and opinions—we trust the work will soon appear.

Sermons, by the Reverend Richard Cattermole. London, 1832. Fellowes.

LEARNING and piety unite in rendering the present volume a welcome addition to our stock of devout works. The author is the well-known Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, where he has rendered himself generally agreeable, by performing his duties in a way mild and unostentatious. These sermons are ten in number; and though the texts for which his learning and talent supplied the illustrations, cannot be considered as new, we have no hesitation in saying, that he has acquitted himself like a scholar and anxious christian. There is more plain sound sense than commanding eloquence in these pages; and though there is much which the audience before whom the sermons were delivered, could not fail to be well acquainted with, still, there is a large share of what is new and original. The ninth sermon, 'On praying for daily bread,' is much to our liking; so is that 'On Love to God,' and likewise the one 'On Divine and Human Will.' There is, however, as the author well knows, no perfection in human works—we wish that it had been his pleasure to be more simple and familiar.

Cholera, as it recently appeared in the Towns of Newcastle and Gateshead. By T. M. Greenhow. London, 1832.

AMONG the practical works now publishing on this subject, this must be considered one of the most useful, interesting, and best written. It deserves to be classed with the very valuable ones of Messrs. Bell and Orton.

Lectures delivered at the Mechanics' Institution on Oxygen, Carbon, and Vitality, the three great agents in the Physical Character of Man; with remarks on the Asiatic Cholera. By George Rees, M.D. London, 1832.

THESE lectures are as instructive as they are interesting, and do equal honour to the head and heart of Dr. Rees.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Three ladies, but of diverse natures, have laid their offerings on our table: the modest Muse who inspires British verse; the more knowing lady who presides over prose tale and story; and the Muse—we should rather say Fury—who pours venom into lampoons and politics. With the latter, indeed, we never meddle, save to correct matters of fact or of taste: we have no wish to embark in such a shoreless sea, where many noble spirits suffer shipwreck.

'*Fedder's Orcadian Sketches.*'—The author of this interesting little volume was born in humble life, we believe: saw many vicissitudes of fortune both by sea and land, and obtaining knowledge in that great academy called the world, turned it to such account, that he not only obtained a comfortable situation in the service of his country, at Dundee, but has acquired honours both in verse and prose. We are not of that class of critics who wish to excite a reader's sympathy in the fortunes of an author as a sort of recompense for undervaluing his genius: we allude to the parentage of Mr. Vedder for

the purpose of putting him into that class of Scottish spirits to which he belongs, and claiming him as an honourable addition to that distinguished rank called the Peasant Poets of Scotland. It would be easy to prove by specimens, in the humorous as well as the serious, that our northern friend has great merit, in both legends and lyrics: his songs have life and nature, and his prose sketches are simple and effective. We have neither space for specimen nor discussion: we must content ourselves with saying, that, of his prose, the sea adventures are most to our liking; and that, in his poetry, he abounds with happy lines which cling to the memory. He has none of those glaring atrocities of style or infirmities of taste which are sometimes visible in the self-educated. We respect the poet and the man, and wish him all the success—and that is not little—which such worth and talent deserve.

'*The Immortality of the Soul, and other Poems,*' by David Malloch.—The principal poem in this little volume was written in competition for the prize at the University of Edinburgh, and its success induced the author to retouch it with a careful and more experienced hand, and present it in its present shape to the world. The subject is of a daring nature, too daring perhaps for any poets but those of the highest order: and we really wonder that a learned University gave out such a theme for competition among inexperienced youths. We are far, however, from being displeased with the poem by which Mr. Malloch obtained the prize: on the contrary, it is deficient neither in language, imagery, nor sentiment: it is true that some of the imagery is too fanciful, and some of the language a little flowery—nay, we were oftener than once at a loss for the meaning, and not unfrequently sighed for greater simplicity of diction: yet we were gratified with the ardour of much of the verse, and pleased with the fervent piety of many of the lines.

'*De la Voyer's Mélange.*'—This is a very curious book: nor is that all, it has been as curiously produced. It is the attempts in English verse of a French scholar, who says, that a few years ago he could not be understood in England without an interpreter. "The principal motive," says the author, "for bringing before the public this nondescript kind of a book, originated in the repeated jests of several English gentlemen, who laughed at the idea of a Frenchman's attempting to compose blank verse, or any style of English poetry." There is some true poetry about this good-natured Frenchman: he sees with a poet's eye, and feels with a poet's heart; but he has certainly not yet acquired such mastery in the English tongue, as will secure his verses against the captiousness of critics solicitous in the matter of language, or quite put to shame his laughing friends. We must, indeed, acknowledge, that, serious as is our vocation, we could not but smile upon occasions: the author handles some of our words in such sort, as we are sure they were never handled before, and compels others to perform a duty which no native would presume to subject them to. We like, however, the enthusiasm of M. de la Voyer: and there are lines and pictures, in his 'Sun-rise,' not unworthy of a poet.

'*Childhood, and other Poems,*' by I. Norval, Glasgow.—There is much that is sweet, and much that is poetical, in this small volume; and we know no better way of recommending it to notice, than by quoting the lines with which the poem of 'Childhood' commences:—

Like the swallow, light o'er the giddy wave
The cutter she glides while the rip, les lars
Her sea-green sides, as, with sail unfurled,
She goes, like a thing of another world!
On the silver sheet, the dancing ray
Of the morning sun is seen to play,
As she rocks afar o'er the bounding tide,
Like a lover to gain his winsome bride!

'*Discourses and Sacramental Addresses,*' by the Rev. D. B. Baker.—There is a vein of pious reflection, and an earnest desire for human welfare, running through every page of this book, which cannot fail to recommend it to the good and the devout: but we cannot praise it either for the originality of its views, or the masculine vigour of its language.

'*Waterloo; a Poem,*' by Thomas Jackson, Esq.—It was the object of the author to draw up the British army in the exact order in which it stood on the morning of the Battle of Waterloo; and he flatters himself, he says, that he has done this with great accuracy. He is, however, infinitely more skilful in drawing soldiers up, than in leading them on to strife; and we have no hesitation in averring, that if our countrymen had not fought the good fight on that day, with more impetuosity and fire, than it has been the pleasure of the muse to employ on the present occasion, there would have been but a beggarly account of the affair, instead of a victory which astounded Europe, and hurled her conqueror from his throne. We cannot imagine what has induced a kind, well-meaning man, to climb the charnel mound of Waterloo, and sound his feeble horn on the resting-place of heroes, over whom so many trumpets have been blown, and inspired songs in all languages sung.

'*Sacred Poetry,*' by a Layman.—It has been our fate to meet with poems on martial subjects, in which we perceived none of the whirlwind and fire necessary for a heady fight; and now we are doomed to read sacred poetry by a Layman, which has little of the true fervour and elevation which the matter demands. We love the devout and the sober-minded; but our advice is to all men—Lift not, we beseech you, the lyre, either sacred or profane, unless you have skill in touching the strings.

'*The Tinder-Box.*'—Burn some linen to tinder; take a steel in one hand and a good flint in the other, and strike the two together over the aforesaid combustible, and you will raise as much fire as may serve the need of both yourself and your neighbour.—To communicate the above important fact, some one has written and printed these forty pages; we shall have volumes composed yet to teach drunkards how to swallow drams.

'*The Bee and the Wasp.*'—This, an agreeable fable in verse, with a moral, which, though not new, is illustrated with entertaining cuts by Cruikshank.

'*Prize Letters to Students.*'—To these letters was awarded, by a committee of literary gentlemen in New York, the prize of fifty dollars, offered for the production best adapted to exert a purifying and elevating influence upon the character of students. The work has been reprinted by Westley & Davis, and deserves to succeed. The letters are fourteen in number, and their object is to recommend meekness and piety to the young and the thoughtless. We hope they have done and will continue to do good: the youth of these latter days have need of some one to teach them to doubt less and believe more.

'*Broken Chains, a Poem in Four Cantos,*' printed at Paris.—There is much that we like in this poem; the author, however, describes his heroine in a manner much too literal for our taste:—

Her head-dress conical in shape,
Her plaited frill, her snow-white cape,
Her velvet bodice neatly laced,
Her apron short with pockets gaped,
Her crimson kirtle that concealed
Just half the leg, whilst it revealed
The foot and ankle—all betrayed
A young and lovely Norman maid.

'*Achmet's Feast, and other Poems,*' by Richard Boid, B.A., of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

He trimmed his little bark of hope,
And launched it on the sea,
And merrily before the gale
He steered in ecstasy.

But soon the storm arose, and high
The waters rolled and tossed,
And lo! his little bark of hope
Was in the surges lost.

Though we fell in with pleasing passages as we looked through the poems of Mr. Boid, we are afraid that his volume, like his 'Bark of Hope,' will not float long on the sea of time. He is pretty and neat, with a taste for effect, and his feelings are warm and kindly—but more is required, to make a lasting poet.

We are glad to see that 'Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries,' by the author of 'Mary Ogilvie,' and 'Scripture Natural History,' by William Carpenter, have arrived at second editions. They are good books, and cannot fail to be most welcome to the quiet hearths of the humbler classes.

'The Mother's Medical Guide,' is another useful little work. It contains a great deal of advice and information, that must be invaluable to young mothers.

Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' is a work as extensive in its fame among the well-informed, as it is little known to casual readers. It is a volume abounding in wisdom and beauties, and to him who may not have read it, promising the richest harvest of delight, of any work we could recommend. It appears, from a note prefixed to this edition, that all former editions are full of inaccuracies; this may be, but we are not critical in trifles. The editor of the present shall have our best thanks for every correction; and we can recommend this volume, published by Vincent, Oxford, for taste and elegance in its getting up.

Mr. Brandreth has ventured to put forth another number of his 'Minstrel Melodies.' The songs are unequal, and hardly answer to the promise of the first number. He still perseveres in his modesty, and now offers a bundle of sixty ballads, that would make a creditable octavo volume, for one shilling! We have hardly room for extract, and must therefore content ourselves with an occasional verse:—

The Sea, the Sea, the Summer Sea!
No tempests o'er it sweep;
But, calm as childhood's gentle rest,
The placid waters sleep.
The Nautilus, in mimic pride,
The balmy breezes greet;
Lo! where it spreads its purple sail,
And steers its fairy fleet!

The sunset cloud, the crescent moon,
The rock, the tower, the tree,
Mirror'd in magic beauty seem—
The Sea, the Summer Sea!

The Sea, the Sea, the Winter Sea!
When storm-clouds are abroad,
And tempests howl and billows rise,
And Nature's self is awed.
The thunder rolls, the lightnings flash,
The skies in anger frown,
While, 'mid the elemental strife,
The shattered ship goes down.
For 'tis, indeed, an awful hour
Of dread solemnity,
When Death, with shadowy footstep, treads
The Sea, the Winter Sea!

One other extract, and we have done:—

At the Sun-set Hour.

At the sun-set hour,
By the sun-set tree,
Ere the stars give a light,
Or the moon shines bright;
Too late for day, too soon for night,—
Then come to me.

Where the forest's pride
Lonely stands and free,
With its knarled root,
And its acorn fruit,
Of by-gone ages record mute—
There come to me.

When its leaves the flower
Closes on the lea;
And the butterfly sleeps
Where the lily weeps,
And night's first watch the bee-bird keeps—
Then come to me.

+ A peculiar species of evening moth, so called by the country people in some parts of England.

Where the streamlets glide
Onward to the sea,
While the distant roar
Of its waves on the shore
The peaceful vale floats sweetly o'er—
There come to me.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE SEA-BOY AND HIS SISTER.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"WHAT shall I bring thee from the isles
Whither our vessel goes?
Bright are the sea-shells scattered there,
More bright than the English rose;
And dust of gold, and diamond,
May be bought where points our prow,
Some shall be thine and mine, ere death,
But what shall I bring thee now, sweet girl?
But what shall I bring thee now?"

"Fear not the sea, thou timid one,
My master and king is he,
And I brook not a word of treason heard,
Not a word, though it come from thee:
Nine weeks and a day have I dwelt on land,
Summer sports and labour seen,
I am sick of the flowers, I am tired of the trees,
I long for the shadows on ocean's green,
For the smell and the foam of the seas.

"Let me go, for my heart beats thickly here,
Not more drowsy thy wheel, than I,
But one touch of the ropes, one breath of the gales,
And less light shall the dolphin ply:
I am weary to death of landsmen's talk,
My friends all tread the deck,
But I love thee, sister, and ere I go,
Say, what shall I bring thee back, sweet girl?
Say, what shall I bring thee back?"

"Ay, go, my brother; first and last
That ever bore such name to me;
Go, while the courage, ebbing fast,
Remains, to bid farewell to thee.
I've watched thy boyish years unfold,
I love thee as a mother now,
Yet go, for restless dreams have scroll'd
The name of rover on thy brow.

"Think not I blame thee;—thou art kind—
Hast left me in this cot at ease—
But oh, thou canst not make me blind
To the deep perils of the seas!
Thou speak'st of them with pleasant tongue—
Thou say'st thy heart and home are there;
But oft I think, with spirit wrung,
Thou wouldst not, if I were not here:—

"An orphan with a pallid cheek;
A frame, too, somewhat overworn;
Enough—the heart is slow to break,
And sorrow comes but to be borne;
The hardest is, to see thee go
Thus in thy youth, time after time;
To live upon thy toil, and know,
For me thou wearest out thy prime!

"Yet I must think thou lov'st the sea,
'Twould madden me to doubt it long,"—
"Love I the deep?—now credit me,
I love it with a love as strong,
As thou myself;—it is my joy,
Has been my home, shall be my grave;
I tell thee, tempest scarce alloys
The bliss, the triumph of the wave!
So what shall I bring thee back, dear friend?
So what shall I bring thee back?"

"Bring back to me," said the gentle one,
"That, which no caves may hide;
That, which the deep sea cannot quench;
Thy LOVE,—no gift beside!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF CRABBE THE POET.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers a letter which we have received from a gentleman of Bath, but who formerly lived in Trowbridge, and was one of the parishioners of the poet. As all that relates to a man every way so worthy, is valuable, we shall give what we have received without alteration or comment, for we have full confidence in the candour of our correspondent.

"Crabbe came to Trowbridge some eighteen years ago: at first he was but lightly looked upon by the Dissenters, a numerous body there; but when they became acquainted with his worth of heart, and vigour of mind, and his unwearied kindness to the poor of all persuasions, he grew a great favourite, and was warmly welcomed to all missionary meetings, Bible societies, and other associations for the benefit of the labouring classes. He mixed but little with the gentry around him; the houses to which he chiefly resorted as a friend, was to that of Mr. Waldron, his colleague in the magistracy, and that of Mr. Norris Clarke, an eminent clothier; with every one else he was friendly, but not intimate. He was fond of the exercise of long walks, and as he studied geology, he seldom went out without a hammer in his pocket, which he applied to all kinds of curious stones; he was sometimes in danger during these examinations, for he would stop readily in the middle of the public road, to pry into the merits of a fractured stone, and did not always hear the warnings of drivers of coaches and carts. On one occasion, he went with his son John to Avon-cliffe, about four miles from Trowbridge, tied the horse to a crag, ascended to the quarry, and commenced hammering away. In turning over a stone, however, it escaped from his hands, rolled down the declivity with such a noise, as frightened the horse, and made it run away and smash the gig. He looked after it for a little while, and when he saw it stopped, he smiled and said, 'Well, it might have been worse.' His income amounted to about eight hundred a year, but he was a mild man in the matter of tithes: when told of many defaulters, his usual reply was, 'Let it be—probably they cannot afford to pay so well as I can afford to want it—let it be.' His charitable nature was so well known, that he was regularly visited by mendicants of all grades; he listened to their long stories of wants and woes with some impatience, and when they persevered, he would say, 'God save you all, I can do no more for you,' and so shut the door. But the wily wanderers did not on this depart; they knew the nature of the man; he soon sallied out in search of them, and they generally got a more liberal present on the way from his house, than at the door. He has even been known to search obscure lodging-houses in Trowbridge, to relieve the sufferers whom misfortunes had driven to beggary. He was, of course, often imposed upon by fictitious tales of woe, which, when he discovered, he merely said, 'God forgive them; I do.' He was most punctual in all his engagements, and felt much annoyed on being detained in the church waiting for funerals. He once waited a whole hour for one beyond the time appointed, and then went home to dinner; but just as he sat down, the burial train appeared; he rose in no pleasant mood; on which his son said, 'Father, allow me to bury the corpse.'—'Well, do so, John,' he answered, 'you are a milder man than your father.'

"Crabbe was particularly anxious about the education of the humbler classes, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. In his latter days, the Sunday school was his favourite place of resort, and there he was commonly to be found in the evenings between seven and eight, listening to the children; 'I love them much,' he once observed, 'and now old age has

made me a fit companion for them.' He was a great favourite with the scholars—on their leaving school, he gave them Bibles a-piece, and admonished them respecting their future conduct. His health was usually good, though he sometimes suffered from the *Tic Doloieux*. His sermons were short, but pointed, and to the purpose; but his voice latterly had failed, and he was imperfectly heard. Not long ago, he met a poor old woman in the street, whom he had for some time missed from the church, and asked her if she had been ill. 'Lord bless you Sir, no,' was the answer; 'but it's of no use going to your church, for I can't hear you.'—'Very well, my good old friend,' said the pastor, 'you do right in going where you can hear,' and he slipped half-a-crown into her hand, and went away.' He had prepared a selection of his sermons for the press, as well as a new volume of poems, but he delayed their publication, saying, 'They will do better when I am dead.' He was only one week ill; on the night before he died, he said to a maid-servant who had lived long with him, 'Now, in the morning, when I am dead, go you to bed, and let others do what must be done—but while I am living, stay you beside me.' He died at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of February: it is untrue, that the clothiers shut their shops; it was the shopkeepers of Trowbridge: the clothiers keep no shops, and I have not heard that they shut up their factories. He was universally esteemed, and as a proof of it, one hundred of his fellow townsmen requested leave to attend his funeral."

KENSINGTON OBSERVATORY.

[The following interesting Paper is kindly contributed by one whose name, if we were at liberty to publish it, would be the best security for its accuracy.]

SOME years ago, the distinguished Astronomer who, with a public spirit rarely equalled, established this Observatory at his own expense, purchased on the Continent the finest object lens, for a refracting telescope, ever made. The object glass presented to the University of Dorpat by the late Emperor of Russia, and which, in the hands of Professor Struve, has rendered such important services to Astronomy, is one-third less in superficial magnitude, being only nine inches diameter, while that of Sir James South is eleven inches and eight tenths. Soon after obtaining this valuable piece of glass, Sir James South determined on erecting a telescope to receive it, mounted in the manner of an equatorial, and placed in a building surmounted by a suitable dome. This work is now nearly accomplished, and we have lately had the pleasure of inspecting the building and the instrument. Some account of a piece of work which must be regarded as a national honour, cannot, we trust, be unacceptable to our readers.

The object glass above mentioned, is nearly 20 feet focal length. The telescope is therefore above 20 feet long, and is furnished with two smaller telescopes, at either side, and having their axes parallel to the principal one. Such appendages, in large telescopes, are usually applied, under the denomination of *finders*, being intended to facilitate the process by which the observer directs the large instrument to any particular object. In the present case they answer this purpose, but they are also attended with far more important uses. Being instruments of considerable power, they enable the observer to effect, under similar circumstances of atmosphere and instrumental steadiness, three correspondent observations on the same object; or, as in the case of occultations of stars by the moon, three observers can witness the same phenomenon at the same time. The object glasses of these telescopes are exquisitely perfect, and are the work of Messrs. William and

Thomas Sulley. One of these telescopes is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet focal length, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches aperture, and the other 42 inches focal length, and 24 inches aperture.

The instrument is mounted by Troughton, in the manner of an equatorial, and, although so massive a structure, it can be moved with the greatest facility, both in right ascension and declination, by the observer, without removing his eye from the eye-piece. This is accomplished as usual, by two rods terminating in universal joints, and working small racks, by which the instrument is moved.

The building in which this splendid instrument is placed, is circular in its plan, being 28 feet 10 inches internal diameter in the clear. The circular wall is one brick and a half in thickness, and 11 feet 3 inches in height, from the floor of the building. On the wall-plate, at the top, is placed a circular iron railway, and on this rests a magnificent hemispherical dome. The dome revolves on the railway with an azimuth motion, that is, with a rotation round its vertical axis. This motion is obtained by six rollers placed on the above-mentioned railway, whereon the dome rests, and the dome is maintained in its position, and guarded against lateral disturbance by twelve guide-wheels, which are inserted on the outside edge in the circular plate which forms the base of the dome, and which press, as the dome revolves, against the upright ledge of the railway.

The dome itself is composed of extremely light ribs, which are thinly covered with cedar, protected by an external coating of copper. Its inner surface is lined with battens of pine. In the domes which usually surmount equatorial instruments, it is necessary to place a slit, or opening, extending through a certain space of the dome, in a vertical direction, which opening can be closed by shutters when the instrument is not in use. For the purposes of observation it is not necessary that this opening should be made on more than one side of the dome, nor that it should extend to the crest or vertex on the one hand, nor to the base or horizontal point on the other. Such an opening, therefore, is never inconsistent with that peculiar character of strength and stability, which is not only an actual quality of the domical figure, but so intimately associated with that figure in our minds, as to produce a feeling of pleasure and security in beholding it. We confess it was not without surprise, nor without feelings very different from those of pleasure and security, that we perceived this otherwise magnificent structure, completely divided into two parts by a chasm extending between two points of the base of the dome, diametrically opposite, and carried completely through its vertex. Our surprise was not abated by the consideration that such an opening, while it destroys the most important mechanical and architectural qualities of the structure, is utterly useless for any purpose of astronomical observation. No one could have been better aware of this than the distinguished and munificent person at whose expense this work was erected.

This chax or opening, extending thus entirely across the dome, is 3 feet 7 inches in width; and an attempt has been made, by the engineer who conducted the work, to construct shutters of sheet-iron for the purpose of closing it. These shutters, which are now upon the dome, are formed of one connected mass of sheet-iron, and travel, in short railways, outside the dome, and on its base, near the points at which it springs. An apparatus, worked by cranks, is provided, intended to close these shutters; but such is the imperfect manner in which they are designed, that they cannot be made to approach each other at present within several inches. New shutters must be constructed to replace these. The dome is moved

round its axis by a system of ropes and pulleys, which are worked by a winch placed within the building. An attendant can thus turn the chax or opening to any part of the heavens to which the observer may desire to direct the instrument.

To prevent the instrument, during observations, from being affected by tremors communicated to the walls of the building, either by moving the dome, or from any other external cause, the piers whereon the instrument is placed are altogether unconnected with the walls of the building.

It is not easy to imagine any arrangement more ill-judged than the chax or opening already alluded to, and the shutters by which it is attempted to close it. When the shutters are open, the two halves of the dome present hollow shells, to catch every blast of wind which may occur in either direction. And, in the case of a high wind blowing in a direction at right angles to the chax, it would be altogether unsafe to attempt using the instrument. A hollow segment of a spherical surface, of nearly 30 feet diameter, would be presented to catch the storm; and there can be no doubt that the dome would be liable to be blown off the building. But, independently of this, the absurd construction of the shutters aggravates the evil. They do not move upon the surface of the dome, but when open, rise from it, presenting the appearance, in respect of the dome, not very unlike a starched ruff upon a lady's gown. They thus form sails, spread to catch every blast, and conspire, with the chax, in exposing to destruction, the building, the instrument, and observer.

That Sir James South could be a party to such a contrivance, we knew to be impossible; and we have accordingly found, upon inquiry, that the idea of opening the dome, from side to side, through the vertex, was undertaken in direct opposition to Sir James's wishes, and against his opinion. In fact, this absurd project had no other object than the display of a *tour de force*, and was an effort to produce effect on the part of the architect.

Happily this evil is easily remedied, and Sir James South is, we find, about to close the opening in such parts as are not necessary for the purposes of observation. We wish we could say that the wasteful expenditure of money into which this patriotic astronomer has been betrayed could be so easily restored. It would be uninteresting to the public to enter into the details which have come into our possession of the harassing expenses, and the loss of time and anxiety of mind occasioned to the founder of this Observatory by the series of blunders shown in the management of this work. But some notion may be formed of this by the knowledge of the fact, that the original estimate for the dome, including the copper covering and every convenience, and even every luxury which could contribute to the facility of observation, did not exceed 504*l.*, and yet the sum already expended upon it exceeds 1700*l.*! The shutters alone—which, being utterly ineffective, must be now removed—were undertaken under an assurance that their cost would not exceed 40*l.* Their expense, however, has exceeded 500*l.*! It is right to state, that none of this increased expense has in a single instance arisen from any change in the intentions or views of Sir James South in the progress of the work.

We have considered it right to animadvert severely on these circumstances, because, although the money expended has not been public money, yet it has been part of the resources of a public-spirited individual devoted to public purposes, and should therefore be held still more sacred than public funds.

The instrument was first placed on its piers within the building on the 26th of January last. It was elevated by tackle planted in different

parts of the surrounding grounds, which, passing through the chax of the dome, grasped the ponderous framing which supported the instrument at several points. When the northern or upper extremity of the instrument had been brought within a few inches of the rollers destined to receive it, being then at the height of twenty-six feet from the floor, the ropes which supported the extremity broke. The lower end fell on the stone pier, while the upper end in its fall fortunately did no other injury to the dome or wall than that of slightly breaking the inner lining of the roof. It happily occurred that, although more than thirty workmen and others were present, no one sustained the slightest injury. Had the accident happened a minute sooner, it is more than probable that several persons, including Sir James South himself, Mr. Troughton, and Captain Beaufort, would have perished.

To those who have not had the pleasure of witnessing the powers of this extraordinary instrument, it is not easy to convey an adequate notion of them. Under favourable circumstances it will bear a magnifying power of more than 1000, and even in bad nights one of above 700. Indeed, in observations on the fixed stars, there seems to be no other limit to the magnifying power which may be used with it, than the state of the atmosphere. The star of the first magnitude called α Lyre may be viewed with a magnifying power of 5000 without losing in the slightest degree its roundness and distinctness.

Those who are conversant with astronomical observations will understand the excellence of the instrument from the following facts:—The close stars of δ Cygni and ζ Herculis, under favourable circumstances, are easily shown by it. The star ϵ Arietis is resolved into two stars instantly; and as for η Coronæ, ζ Caveria, and the 2nd μ Bootis, they are shown as close double stars with as much facility as Castor is with ordinary telescopes. The division between the two rings of Saturn is still visible by its aid. Stars of the fifth magnitude may be observed with it in the day time. The small star which accompanies the pole-star has been seen with it under strong sunshine.

When powers magnifying several thousand times are used, an inconvenience arises from the circumstance, that the diurnal motion of the heavens is also magnified, and the star appears to run out of the field of view before the observer can contemplate it with the requisite attention. To remedy this inconvenience, it is contemplated by Sir James South, to connect the framing of the instrument with clock-work, by which the telescope will be made to move with the star, and thus, notwithstanding the diurnal motion, and high magnifying power, the object may be kept in the field of view for any length of time.

TOUR THROUGH UPPER INDIA.

Kanaor—Himalaya of Thibet—Immense Elevation of the Kanaor Villages—The Pendjab—Salt-mines—Cachemire.

At the meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, held on the 26th of last month, extracts from letters, received by the Museum of Natural History in that capital, from M. Jacquemont in India, were read. It appears, that Jacquemont left Calcutta the 20th of November 1829, reached Benares the 31st of December following, and arrived at Delhi in the early part of March 1830. On the 12th of the ensuing month he entered the Himalaya district, in the direction of Saharumpore, a town lying to the north of Delhi. After ascending to the sources of the Jumna, he crossed the great chain of the Indian-Himalaya mountains, and descended into the wide and elevated plain, termed "The High Kanaor," which is watered by the Upper Sutledje. Jacquemont has ascertained, that the

mountain-range, which bounds this valley to the north, and may be justly denominated the "Thibetian Himalaya," is even of loftier and more majestic dimensions than the "Indian." The traveller penetrated six days' journey beyond the 32nd degree of northern latitude, into the Thibetian chain, in effecting which he ascended along the banks of the Spili, which empties itself into the Sutledje, pushed his investigations in the line of the eastern frontier, and would have reached Lake Mansarovar, but for the impediments thrown in his way by the Chinese posts. The following are some of the results of his observations. The average height of the Kanaor villages, lying on the banks of the Sutledje, is 2000 metres (6562 feet), and of those lying in the basin of the Spili, 4000 metres (13,125 feet) above the level of the sea; there are even some spots in the latter of these regions, where the cultivated land and villages range as high as nearly 5000 metres (16,400 feet) above the sea-level. The Indian Himalaya is almost wholly composed of primordial rocks; but the Thibetian contains a system of secondary and shell-encrusted rocks, of very considerable thickness, which spreads for an immense distance into Chinese Thibet and Independent Tartary.

After spending seven months in exploring the Kanaor, Jacquemont returned by a different route, and recrossed the Indian Himalaya by the Bouronn Ghanti, which is one of the deepest gorges of that chain, although it lies at an elevation of more than 16,000 feet above the level of the sea! He came back to Delhi for the purpose of depositing his collections in safety, and making preparations for a visit to that vast portion of the Kaboul, which goes by the name of the Pendjab, comprises the whole basin of the Indus, and is subject to the sway of Runjit-Singh. He would have found this an almost unaccomplishable task, but for the interposition of M. Allard, a fellow-countryman, who has disciplined a portion of the Rajah's forces after the European model, backed by the patronage of Lord William Bentinck. By their means he was enabled to explore a country, which no Englishman had been allowed to investigate; and he reached its capital in the beginning of March 1831. Taking his departure from it on the 26th of that month, he proceeded to Pindandekhan, where he examined the salt-mines situated in its vicinity, and found them, in every mineralogical feature, to correspond exactly with those of Cardona in Spain. He had hitherto found every facility afforded him in prosecuting his enterprise, but on arriving at Mirpour, he observed, that the Rajah's orders were neglected, and that he would therefore be exposed to all sorts of difficulties in consequence of the state of anarchy, which prevailed throughout the district. Nor were his apprehensions groundless; for, upon approaching the Fortress of Teloutchi, himself and the whole of his escort were made prisoners by a chieftain of the name of N'Heal-Singh, and, after many impediments, released on payment of a heavy ransom. Having immediately brought the occurrence to Runjit-Singh's knowledge, the Rajah made good the sum of which he had been plundered, and placed the offender's life at his mercy. Jacquemont, considering it incumbent upon him not to permit the freebooter to escape altogether unscathed, required that he should receive corporal punishment, and be kept in durance vile until he had completed his peregrinations. The traveller does not confirm the eulogies, which have been lavished by eastern writers on the city of Cachemire; for he represents it as a wretched dirty town, and the country around it as devoid of any peculiar attractions; though, from its being possessed of water and vegetation, it may be readily conceived to have figured as a very Paradise in the eyes of

the court of India, who made it their summer residence, in exchange for the parching sun and burning surface of Agra and Delhi. Jacquemont has abandoned his intention of visiting Little Thibet, though he has hopes of procuring some animals from that quarter, which are not to be met with in any of the countries which he has hitherto explored. From the information given him, he has every reason to conclude, that there are four species of ruminating animals, which yield a down similar to that of the Cachemire goat, and employed for the same purposes. He writes in expectation of speedily receiving living specimens, to the extent of several pairs, of each of these four species.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

THE recent celebration of the centenary of the birth of this extraordinary man may make a few particulars of his life and labours acceptable at the present moment. And well may the term "extraordinary" be applied to Joseph Haydn—a man who shone, if not unmatched for musical genius, at least without an equal for industry and fecundity of imagination. His life was extended to the age of three-score and seventeen, from which the immaturity of childhood and the waning years of his later existence must be thrown off. In fact, the period of his musical career was comprised between the age of eighteen, when he ventured before the public with his first quartett, and of seventy-three, when his powers began to wane under the infirmity of advancing years. He left behind him an autograph, though incomplete, detail of his rare, unwearied, and successful diligence; and by this, it appears, that between the years 1760 and 1805 (for in the former his Symphony in D appeared), he had composed 118 symphonies, 83 quartetts (the last of which came out in an unfinished state in 1806, and was rendered mournfully interesting by the device on its title-page—"Alas! mine every power is withered!") 24 trios, 19 operas, 5 oratorios, 163 pieces for the tenor, 24 concertos for various instruments, 15 masses, 10 smaller pieces of church music, amongst others, the 'Stabat Mater' and 'Salve Regina,' 44 sonatas for the piano, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 13 vocal pieces for more than one voice, 365 Scottish melodies, and a host of miscellaneous compositions. In no one individual were there perhaps ever combined more fertility of invention, more mastery of science, more playfulness of humour, or a greater originality of easy and graceful imagination. After the twelve symphonies, which Haydn wrote for Salomon's Concerts, followed the Creation, that splendid achievement, which encircled the evening of his days with an immortality of glory. He composed it at the advanced age of sixty-five, evidently in the enjoyment of unimpaired freshness and vigour of mind; and it was first performed at Vienna. Even Wieland caught the enthusiasm, which Haydn's master-piece had kindled under every European sky, nor did he rest until he had sung the praises of the Creation. The writer recollects, as it were but yesterday, paying his first visit to Haydn in the year 1799, and finding him busily engaged in composing the part of 'Summer' in his delightful 'Seasons'; at this time, he bore his years with a racy cheerfulness and vigour of intellect, of which three-score has but rarely the happiness to boast. An isolated act is frequently the index to a whole life. We remember his giving as the theme to a canon, which a young artist was desirous of writing, these few but pithy words—"Let thy science be thy God, the world thou inhabitest, and thine own self!" S.

† Hin ist alle meine Kraft!

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

Literature seems more and more to be assuming the hue and livery of these unsettled times. Most of the announcements of new works are of a political complexion; we have just discussed a smart lampoon, called 'England and France;' now, a work called 'The Democrat,' is promised, and lest we should not be aware of it before it breaks in upon our repose, the newspapers in repeated paragraphs prepare us for something too extraordinary to be seen and not felt. We wish that booksellers would pursue the honest old mode of regular advertisements; these preliminary puffs are in the long run injurious, and no author of genius should permit them. The evil, however, seems spreading. All the literary world must have read with pain that Michell, the ingenious author of the 'Characters of the Poets and Novelists,' is threatened by some sulky writer with prosecution, and that the poet is not afraid: but all pain for such things is a waste of sympathy; the prosecution is imaginary—it is a common mode of advertisement. We hear that an author of reputation has become chief proprietor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*—we wish him increase of success. The translator of 'The German Prince's Tour,' is now translating the Correspondence of Schiller and Goethe. The collection forms six volumes in the German edition. To fit it for the English market, we believe large omissions will be made.

We some time ago mentioned that a series of historical embellishments were in progress, to illustrate the poetry of Lord Byron; we have seen a specimen of the work—a groupe by Richter, engraved by Finden, representing these lines in the 'Bride of Abydos':—

Ah! were I severed from thy side,
Where were thy friend, and who my guide?
Years have not seen, time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

There is much beauty both in the conception and the engraving of this specimen, and we shall be glad to see the work continued in the same spirit. The outlay in money on such an undertaking is enormous; many of these embellishments, before they go from the hand of the copper-plate printer, will have cost, we hear, the proprietors (Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.) one hundred guineas each. Among other forthcoming novelties, is a new series of embellishments to Scott's novels, to consist of portraits of the principal female characters; the designs by our most eminent artists. The work is likely, we think, to be attractive to the ladies, and a graceful addition to the numberless illustrations heretofore published.

Report speaks favourably of the coming exhibition of the Royal Academy; Hilton has one fine poetic picture, and Jones, in addition to his 'Opening of London Bridge,' has two noble works—'The Death of Sir John Moore,' and the 'Trial of the three Children, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.'

The bronze statue by Westmacott has been kept, we are told, from its pedestal beside Westminster Hall, because the fury of the mob was dreaded, should any disappointment ensue in the matter of Reform. We think, when the statue of Pitt stood through

last year's turmoil, that the figure of Canning might be trusted; still there may be some foundation for the rumour. We see the artist is busy heightening the pedestal.

We hear of a projected Literary and Scientific Institution, on the plan of the Royal, Russell, and London, with the addition of a circulating library, as well as a library of reference, to be called the Belgrave Institution, and established in that new and improving neighbourhood.

There is active life inside the Opera House, although little of it is apparent. Madame Cinti Damoureaux, Messrs. Nourrit and Levasseur, arrived, we believe, last week, to take their original parts in 'Robert le Diable.' Meyerbeer is in London, and has, we understand, expressed himself disappointed at the proportion of instruments in the orchestra. The German Company are also assembling, and what with Italian, French, and German Companies, we think Mr. Mason must have enough on his hands. We suppose the order of entertainment will be Tosi on Tuesday in *Elisabetta*, to be followed by a new opera for Mariani and Donzelli, and then, after a preliminary flourish of trumpets, enter Robert le Diable!

Lablache, our old inimitable friend, is, we see, announced for a limited period at the French theatre, being still under engagement with Laporte.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 9.—G. W. Hamilton, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—A letter was read from Mr. Cunningham, containing remarks made by that gentleman on the river reported to have been lately discovered to the north-west of Liverpool Plains, in Australia. Mr. Cunningham seemed to place no great faith in the accounts of the person who reported it, and entertains some doubts of its existence.

A communication was afterwards read on New Zealand, followed by a paper from Capt. W. F. W. Owen, on the Maldiva Islands, in the Indian Ocean. Capt. Owen's paper may be considered as a supplement to Capt. Horsburgh's, which was read at the preceding meeting, on the same subject. After adverting to our ignorance of these islands, which, consequently, are much dreaded by navigators, Capt. Owen gives an extensive account of them, taken from a scarce work, published in Paris in 1679. Capt. Owen describes the method of taking the Cowrie shell, which is used as a substitute for money in Africa, and is found plentifully. The process consists in tying the branches and leaves of the cocoa-nut tree in bundles, which are used by the natives as floats. These people provide themselves with small lines baited at every five or six inches with a piece of meat. The shell-fish swallows the bait, and great numbers of them are hauled up at a time. When the natives have taken a sufficient quantity, they proceed to land and bury the shells in the ground, by which means the fish rot out of them. They are then washed and become an article of trade, much esteemed in consequence of their not soiling the hands like metal. Capt. Owen also mentioned in his paper the method adopted by the natives of obtaining the coral from the bottom at great depths. For this purpose a species of wood is found on the island, which is lighter than cork. The block of coral being selected, a rope is made fast to it by the natives, who are expert divers; they then have no difficulty in sinking pieces of this wood and fastening them to the block. When they believe there is sufficient, they

loosen the block by means of the rope, and the wood floats it to the surface. In this manner the harbour of St. Mary's, at Madagascar, was much improved by the French.

The island of Diego Garcia, which is the southernmost of the Maldivas, was also noticed by Capt. Owen as being the place of banishment used by the French at the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon. The Maldiva islands are generally well wooded, and abound with fresh water. The derivation of their name is from two words in the Malabar language, one of which, *Mal*, signifies a thousand, and the other, *Divas*, signifies an island.

A letter from Dr. Richardson was read, on the subject of Capt. Ross, which we hope to give with our report of the next meeting.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 17.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—William Gordon, Esq., of Wilton, Hull, was elected a Fellow of the Society, and General Joaquim d'Oliveira, last Minister and Secretary of State for the War Department at Rio de Janeiro, a distinguished patron of the cultivators of Natural History, was proposed for future ballot. Two papers were read by the Secretary, the first, 'On some Peculiarities of the efflorescence in the genus *Euphorbia*,' by Mr. David Don, Librarian to the Society; the second, 'On the characters which distinguish the Lama, Alpaca, Guanaco, and Vicugna, as animals distinct from each other,' by Mr. William Bollaert, formerly chemical assistant at the Royal Institution, but lately returned from South America.

An additional portion of plants, collected by Dr. Wallich in India, was presented by the Directors of the Honourable East India Company; and a collection of Ferns, also formed in India, was presented by Dr. White.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

April 17.—A communication was made by Mr. Knight, on the success which had attended his experiments in grafting the walnut-tree, which, to use Mr. Knight's words, "appears hitherto to have effectually baffled, under all ordinary circumstances, the art of the grafter." A second paper was read, containing an account, accompanied with plans, of a double range of forcing pits, which have been erected by Mr. Roundell, at Gledstone, in Yorkshire; the arrangement of their construction seems to be admirably suited for the intended purpose, and the agent by which the heat is obtained being hot water, the desideratum of a perpetual hot-bed is obtained, and the many inconveniences arising from the use of dung completely removed.

The exhibition was again very attractive; the beautiful *Magnolias Soulangeana*, *Yulan*, and *Conspicua*; with the *Glycine Sinensis*, *Camellias*, *Azaleas*, *Rhododendron arboreum*, &c., exciting general admiration. We observed also a new *Solanum* from Chiloe, and handsome collections of *Narcissi* and *Anemones*.

Sir Culling Smith, Bart., the Countess Amherst, and the Rev. W. Borradaile, were elected Fellows of this Society.

FINE ARTS

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER
COLOUR.

The first efforts of a new Society are to be treated with gentleness, and considered rather for their promise than fulfillment. There is certainly great room for improvement in the present Exhibition, but there are many clever pictures, and some artists, unknown at present, give good hopes of future fame. Our view was hurried; but 278, 'The Beggar's Petition,' by HANCOCK; 22, 'A Coast Scene,' by VICKERS;

'*Scotch Mendicants*,' by Miss FANNY CORBAUX; 61, '*View in the Highlands*,' by C. BENTLEY; 67, '*Comfort of Declining Age*,' by W. DERBY; and, generally, the works of POWELL, STANLEY, SHEPHERD, WILSON, PARKER, T. LANDSEER, ROCHARD, and the BENTLEYS, struck us as deserving particular attention.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE new *Romeo* and new composer have already run their public course, and their success hereafter must depend on the capricious favours of private patronage; the lady-*Romeo* proved false in intonation, and Vaccai's music did not improve on rehearsing.

On Saturday last '*Elisebetta*,' one of Rosini's weak and early operas, was attempted to be revived at twenty-four hours notice for the debut of Madame Tosi, but it was found impossible, and '*Giulietta e Romeo*' was substituted. That Tosi, Mariani, and Donzelli, should have been a fortnight in London without making their appearance in some effective opera, is the strongest proof yet given of the want of judgment in the new management. However, Mr. Mason has now had an idle week to reflect on the past and to provide for the future; and we do yet hope to hear, at least, one good opera, well cast, and correctly performed.

Meyerbeer's '*Robert le Diable*' is to be postponed to a much later period than originally intended; it is full time to commence operations, if the concerted music in this *chef-d'œuvre* is to be sung with precision and spirit.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE result of nine years' patronage of this national institution must, we fear, have grievously disappointed the zealous friends by whose active exertions it was first founded. But the mere fact of an Academy for musical education being placed under the entire control of noblemen and gentlemen amateurs, was, in itself, sufficient to create doubts in the minds of more experienced men. Patronage lavished on juvenile talent tends only to stint its growth; the ardent and indiscriminate applause of a friendly audience, and the indulgent commendation of amateur critics, turn out to be widely different from public judgment.

The truth, we believe to be, that the whole system is a sort of amateur work, and defective in almost every branch. We never yet heard of one elaborate work, either on the science or practice of music, having been written for the students at the Academy. The changes have been rung on every possible style of singing and playing that happened to be the rage—a snug sinecure is enjoyed by a gentleman in want of a curacy—a governante is kept to look after the female students—patronage has procured appointments for two or three students in the Queen's chamber band—Mr. Seguin is engaged at Drury Lane—and here ends the eventful history.

We attended the last Concert on Saturday last; a Miss Dettmer played remarkably well on the pianoforte for a child—but beyond this we have nothing to report. We desired anxiously to hear and to announce who promised to be the successor of Nicholson, or Willman, or Harper, or Platt—but it was an idle dream.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cathedral Voluntaries from the Works of Orlando Gibbons, Dr. Blow, P. Humphreys, Purcell, Weldon, Battishill, Doctors Croft, Greene, Boyce, Cooke, and other sterling Church Composers of the English School. Arranged for the Organ by V. Novello. No. 24. J. A. Novello. This number contains two choruses from Battishill's anthem, '*Behold, how good and joyful,*

two fugues from Dr. Croft's anthem, '*This is the day,*' and '*God is gone up;*' also a Latin Psalm by Dr. Tyle, with a short biographical notice, in which it is stated that this doctor of music translated the Acts of the Apostles into English, adapted them to music, and published them in 1553, with a dedication to King Edward the Sixth. The least known to us of the above selection is the Psalm; and we were pleased with its plain solid structure in counterpoint. Mr. Novello has condensed with judgment the scoring, and brought all the parts nicely under the hand. This collection, and his '*Select Organ Pieces*,' ought to find their way into every organ-loft and the library of every organist.

Remembrance: Poetry by C. Roche; the Music by W. Patten.

Doubt not, my love: M. S. & V. Novello.

Sterne's Maria: V. Novello. J. A. Novello.

WE scarcely relish the sudden modulation from minor to major in the first of these three songs; otherwise we think favourably of the melody.

The second is a "*serenade*," composed by Father and Daughter. The title-page presents us with a rather swarthy *Romeo*, and a *Juliet*. The music is not sufficiently amorous for the subject.

The third is by *Husband and Wife*, and requires a low soprano, and a singer of feeling, to do justice to the excellence of the composition.

L'Hilarité: a set of Quadrilles. By Francis Hodges. Cocks & Co.

THESE quadrilles may pass without comment; the composer himself can attach little consequence to his compositions, who indicates neither the style or time in which they should be played. There is nothing in art undeserving the artist's attention; and a musician has it in his power to write well, even in a quadrille.

Hill's Musical Olio: containing a selection of favourite Operatic, National, and Miscellaneous pieces, arranged for the Pianoforte. Hill.

HERE, for three shillings, are given twelve short and useful lessons for moderate performers. We must, however, remark, that the popular and elegant "*Last Waltz*," said to be by Weber, was written some time before the production of '*Oberon*,' by a young composer named Reissiger, who, we believe, is now living.

The Better Land: a ballad. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by P. Knapton. Chappell.

It is carefully adapted, with a simple melody, and harmony corresponding to the sentimental character of pathetic poetry.

THEATRICALS

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS house closed for the season on Saturday last, and left Messrs. Mathews and Yates a little leisure to count their profits, which we hope are considerable. Mr. Yates delivered a farewell address, which was cordially received. This gentleman and Mrs. *Victorine* Yates (why not, as well as Diebitsch Zabalkanski?—the physical victory is almost as great, and the moral one greater) have departed on a five months' tour to the provinces, in which we wish them every success. Mr. Mathews's Entertainment, an expression synonymous with the entertainment of the public, will shortly commence. There is no occasion to wish him success, or to say that he will no doubt deserve it, because he can command it.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Pandora's box closed also on Saturday last, on which occasion the burlesque of '*Olympic Devils*' was represented for the ninetieth time.

Madame Vestris spoke a farewell address, which it is not necessary for us to reprint, as it has appeared in all the daily papers. In the course of it she took deserved credit to herself for the rigidity with which she has abstained from play-bill puffing, and raised a fair laugh at the expense of the great advertising practitioners of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The most interesting announcement in it, however, was the re-engagement of Mr. Liston, which gave universal satisfaction, and was loudly applauded. Madame Vestris was most cordially greeted, and made her curtsies amidst cheers from all parts of one of the most crowded houses of her crowded season.

Mrs. Glover will have a benefit at this house on Monday. Madame Vestris, Mr. Liston, and Mr. Dowton, play for her. It will, no doubt, be well attended.

MISCELLANEA

Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook.—The Correspondence of John George Forster, the German naturalist, who accompanied Capt. Cook in his second voyage, has been recently published in Germany, in seven volumes. Forster was a man of great talent and information, and his connexion with the most celebrated scholars of his country, as well as his extensive travels, and above all, his residence in France and connexion with the government of that country during the reign of terror, impart to this Correspondence a more than common interest.

The Apollo, a Greek newspaper, contains a squib against the last regulations of the Greek Cabinet, on the subject of the Press, which may be thus anglicized:—

All hail the Press!—the Press is free!
Only, we'd have you take due care,
If ye love number one, to spare
The helots of the ministry,
And every judge, and favourite,
And thing that rules the helm of pow'r.
All hail the Press, and this blest hour,
When man dares everything—but WRITE!

Honorary Degrees.—The practice hitherto pursued at the University of Leipzig, of examining noble candidates for legal honours with closed doors, has been recently abolished by an order of the King of Saxony.

Anecdote of General Williams Freeman.—The last number of the *United Service Journal* contains a memoir of the distinguished naval services, during the American war, of the late venerable Admiral of the Fleet, William Peere Williams Freeman. The following anecdote of him, whilst a youth, is characteristic of the man. When a midshipman, serving on a foreign station, young Williams (for he did not take the name of Freeman until late in life), and a brother Mid, had each a favourite dog on board their vessel: Williams's dog had by some means given offence to the other younker, who threatened to throw the animal overboard. "If you do," rejoined Williams, "then yours shall follow;" and he accordingly kept his word. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other Mid came up to Williams and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. "Be calm, Sir," said Williams coolly, "you have acted most brutally towards my poor dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do; you are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your unoffending dog is: I therefore propose to save the life of yours, if you will do so by mine." This proposal being acceded to, young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him in preference to his own, returned to the vessel, and, with the animal under his arm, was hauled up by a rope which had been thrown over the side for him to hold by. His comrade then took his sousing in turn, to the high delight of young Williams, and was equally successful in saving

the life of the other poor brute. The matter did not rest here; the youths had been guilty of a breach of orders in thus risking their lives, and were each sent to the mast-head by way of penance.—When far advanced in years, the kind-hearted Admiral declared, that there was scarcely any circumstance in his life he reflected on with greater satisfaction than that of having been instrumental in saving the lives of these dogs: so true is it, that bravery and humanity are closely allied.

A *Polyglot Homer* is in the course of publication at Florence, which will unite with the original text the best translations which have yet appeared in the Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, and French languages. The work is to be splendidly got up, and illustrated with engravings in the highest style of the art.

Patronage of Literature.—The Russian Chamberlain, P. N. Demidov, has assigned during his lifetime, and for twenty-five years after his death, the annual sum of 20,000 roubles, to be distributed in prizes of 5000 roubles each, to the authors of the most distinguished works in Russian literature, which may have appeared in the course of the year, and another sum of 5000 roubles yearly to assist in the printing of approved MSS.; the Academy of St. Petersburg to make selection of the works. Among those works excluded from competition, are poems, novels, tales, dramatic writings, &c. "on account of the facility of finding publishers for such writings, and the sale which they generally have being sufficient to reward their authors, even to a greater extent than the amount of the prizes."

University Reform.—The Saxon Minister of Worship and Public Instruction lately issued a rescript to the University of Leipzig, admonishing the professors to arrange their lectures in such a manner, that the main points in them may be publicly brought forward every term or semester. It is matter of notoriety, that all points of indispensable importance were usually taught privately, and made the subject of extra fees; so that no public and gratuitous prelections were held, excepting on subjects of minor importance. The government likewise require, that half-yearly returns of the numbers of each auditory should be made, so far as the Professors of the University are concerned; with a view to estimate the qualifications of its several lectures, by the average number of individuals, who have attended their respective courses. The rescript closes by curtailing the number of holidays.—Is there no other seat of learning in Europe, which cries aloud for a similar hint from the higher powers?

The Austrian Censorship.—Such a thing as the liberty of the press has been contraband ware in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg since the times of Joseph the Second. At the present moment, there is scarcely another country in Europe in which the mind is allowed to be less its own mistress. It is not merely the press itself, but even the marts of the press—the public reading-room and private closet, to which the argus eye of official suspicion extends its jealousies. It is not simply the merit or demerit of a work, with regard to law and good morals, but its object and tendency—nay, its originality and value in a literary and scientific point of view, over which the censor is required to exercise his scrutiny. Where he deems it contrary to law, his "*Non admittitur*" consigns it to perdition: but where he adjudges it to be unworthy of the cost of type, the poor wight of an author is dispatched with a stunning "*Typum non Meretur*." The "*Admittitur*" is typical of official good pleasure; but this is not to be had without previous announcement of the destined place of publication, unless indeed, under special favour, permission be given to leave out that place altogether, or insert an imaginary spot, without the Imperial realms. Next comes the "*Toleratur*,"

which is a passport to the printing-house and bookseller's catalogue, but conveys a prohibition with respect to advertisement of the book in any public journal. Compilations, second editions, and political works are prescribed dainties for the censor's tooth; manuscripts must be furnished in duplicate; and one set is laid upon the shelf—to be compared at a future day with the first copies of which the press is delivered. In the "*reading*" department of the censorial police there are four several ordeals. We have here the "*Admittitur*," which sanctions the vending of works and their announcement in the papers: then the "*Transeat*," which allows the sale, but not the announcement; and, in *tertio loco*, the "*Erge Schedam*." Count, reckon, guess, and calculate, gentle and erudite reader, what this monstrosity of Vindobonic Latinity should designate: and when your lore of philology is fairly distanced, be grateful to us for telling you that it implies the liberty of selling a book to such learned or other customers as have inscribed or may inscribe their names for its purchase: the publisher lying, moreover, under an obligation to make the Emperor a return of his patrons every three months. But the sharpest and direst cut of all is yet to come: it is summed up in those three inexpressible syllables—*Damnatur*!—(From a Correspondent.)

Island of Rurutu.—At 10, A.M. of the 24th of September, 1829, we landed on the island of Rurutu, or Oetiroa, in a bay on the S.W. side of the island, where a village is situated; the rocks have a peculiar basaltic appearance, and stalactites of large size are found in caverns on the island. Landing is difficult, on account of the only passage being a narrow opening between the reefs, requiring some expertness in the helmsman to prevent the boat being thrown on the rocks by the violence of the surf. On the beach I was accosted by a tall, fine half-caste woman, dressed in neat European clothing. Her manner was artless, and she spoke the English language with correctness. She informed me that her name was Jane Quintel, of Pitcairn's Island. "You have heard of Mathew Quintel?" she said: "I am his daughter."

The following conversation then took place between us:—"How long is it since you left Pitcairn's Island?"—"A few years ago, in a whale ship."—"Why did you leave?"—"There are no husbands there; and besides," she continued, "the island is too small for us: it is, Sir, but a very small island—quite a rock."—"You are married now, I suppose?" seeing a little chubby dark urchin in her arms. "Yes," she replied; I married a native of this island (Rurutu). I was obliged soon to get married, they are so very particular—all missionaries. I could not talk to any male creature when single, so I got married."—"Do you wish to return to Pitcairn's Island?"—"No, I am very comfortable here." Having ascertained that I was in the medical profession, she made me promise to send her "stuff to raise a blister," sticking-plaster, &c., as she intended to practise the profession herself on the island.—*Bennett's MS. Journal.*

Island of Rótuma.—A lock of hair of a deceased friend or relation is worn by the survivors as a memento, and is usually pendent from the lobe of the ear.

The exclamations of "Ue! Ue!" were frequent, as we passed through the native villages, our dress being an object of great attraction; shoes, stockings, and gloves were eagerly examined. The curiosity of the ladies was excessive; they testified their surprise and gratification by striking the chest repeatedly, as well as using the exclamation of "Ue! Ue!" with eyes "brimful of amazement."

In time of sickness they often make use of the young cocoa-nut trees as offerings to the offended spirits.

The shoul, or war head-dress of the Rótuma natives, resembles that in use among the Friendly Islanders (the red caps mentioned by Captain Cook). They are formed from the red tail-feathers of the Tropic bird, which the natives with great difficulty procure: they are consequently very highly valued. The cap is in the form of a semicircle, without any crown, and is tied on the forehead.

When one of the Rótuma chiefs brought a small pig for sale, he demanded the same price as for a large one. This being objected to, he replied, "You keep him; by and by he grow bigger." It was useless to complain of the diminutive size of anything capable of growth, as a similar answer would be given.

They are adepts in the art of begging. One would bring a present of two small fish, ostensibly as a present, but in reality as a pretence for begging. A few hours after the present had been made, the donor would commence extolling the generosity and other good qualities of the person to whom the fish had been given; terminating the eulogium by a request for some cloth, or an axe, or anything else wanted.—*Ibid.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 12	51	39	29.95	N.E.	Showers.
Fr. 13	59	36	29.95	S.E.	Clear.
Sat. 14	60	39	29.98	E.	Ditto.
Sun. 15	57	45	29.94	E.	Rain, P.M.
Mon. 16	66	37	Stat.	W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 17	59	41	Stat.	N.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 18	65	45	29.60	S.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Nights fair, excepting Sun. and Wed.; mornings fair, excepting Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 51°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6 h. 16 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The Democrat, a tale. The Anniversary Calendar, Natal Book, and Universal Mirror. Also, the 13th (concluding) Part of the same work.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion; with Notes, by the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs. Elements of Greek Grammar, by Rev. S. Connor. Select Library, Vol. 6.—*Lives of Missionaries, by John Carne, Esq.*

The Rev. J. Fletcher, D.D. is engaged in preparing a Life, &c. of the late Rev. Wm. Roby.

A periodical is to appear this week, called *The Thief*. It is announced, that whoever takes the Thief will be handsomely rewarded.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to Q.E.D.; but the subject is not worth re-ferring to again.—To R.R.

T.P. The article will certainly appear.

P.A. We are perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

* No. 222 is this day republished; and complete sets for the year may therefore still be had.—This is the fifth Number of the *Athenæum* reprinted since Christmas—a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the history of Periodical Literature.

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